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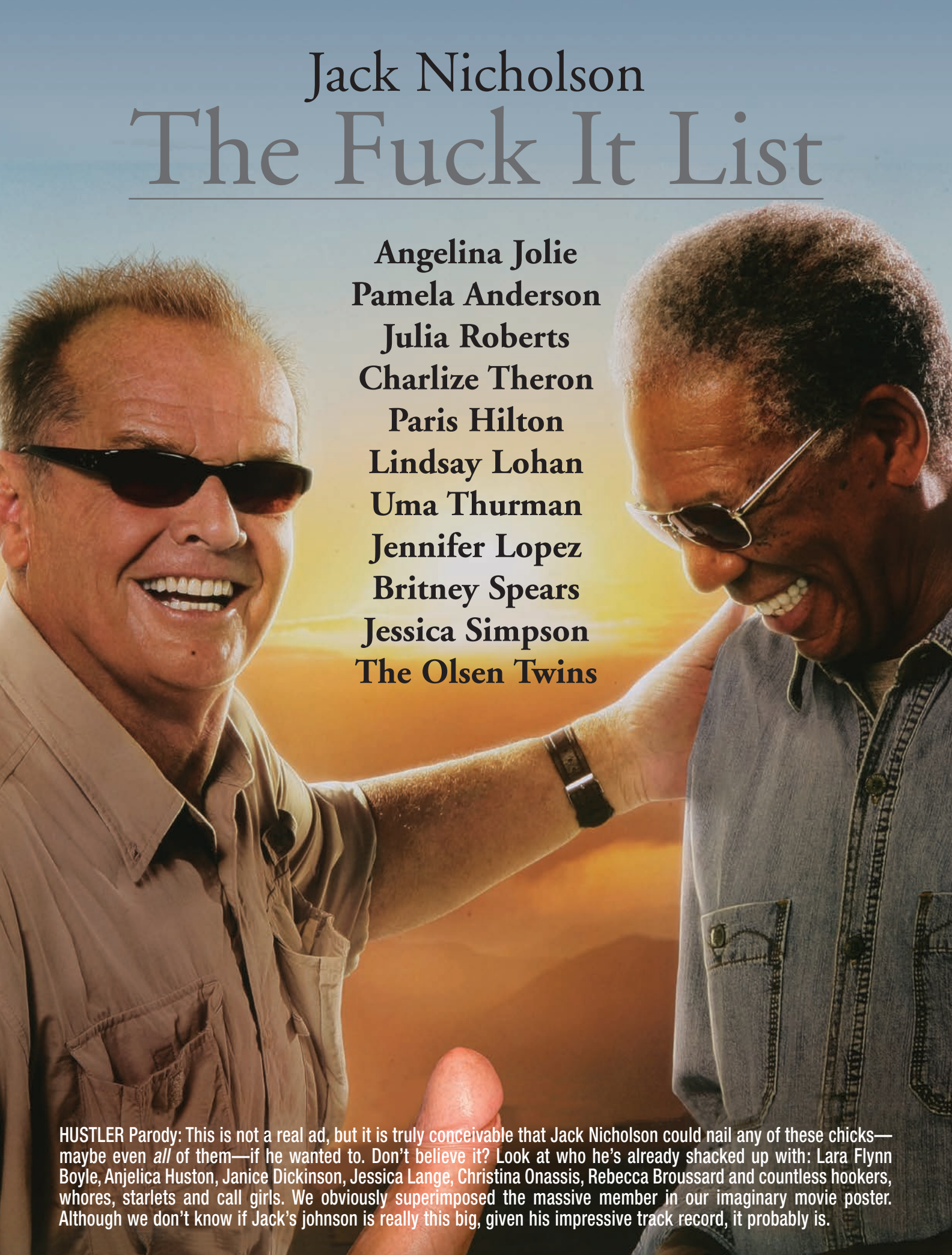
Jack Nicholson
The Fuck It List



HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad, but it is truly conceivable that Jack Nicholson could nail any of these chicks—maybe even *all* of them—if he wanted to. Don't believe it? Look at who he's already shacked up with: Lara Flynn Boyle, Anjelica Huston, Janice Dickinson, Jessica Lange, Christina Onassis, Rebecca Broussard and countless hookers, whores, starlets and call girls. We obviously superimposed the massive member in our imaginary movie poster. Although we don't know if Jack's johnson is really this big, given his impressive track record, it probably is.

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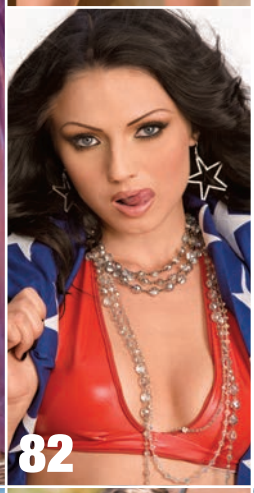

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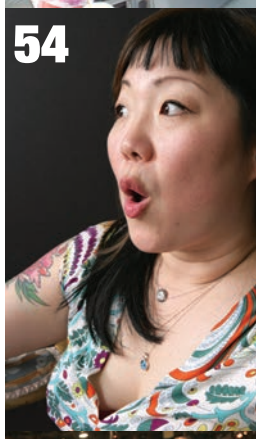

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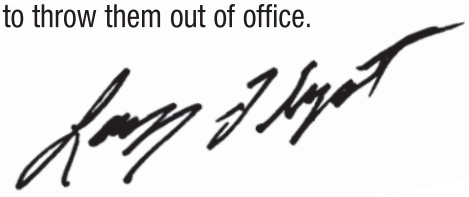
IT KEEPS GETTING WORSE

The economy is in the toilet. Band-aid action by the Federal Reserve will only push back the day of reckoning, not prevent it. Insurgent activity in Afghanistan grows stronger, our former friends in Europe and elsewhere boil with resentment, the Bush Justice Department refuses to pursue the criminal activity of our corrupt government officials, and the Senate is seeking retroactive immunity for illegal spying conducted by telecommunications companies.

How ironic that even as this illegitimate President was delivering his final State of the Union address (itself a series of lies), this lame duck made clear his intention to continue violating the law. With four separate signing statements on that same day, Bush reserved the right to: (1) not probe contracting fraud (as in Iraq); (2) not protect whistleblowers; (3) not provide Congress with intelligence documents; and, finally, (4) he reserved the right to build permanent U.S. military bases in Iraq.

So how have Democrats on Capitol Hill responded? With silence!

Many of you, no doubt, feel helpless in the face of this. But you must not lose faith. Continue to write your representatives and senators. Your letters and e-mails are much more effective than you think. In fact, they are the only thing in Washington that your legislators will respond to, especially if they think their constituents are ready to throw them out of office.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

◀ HEY, BARTENDER!

Finally for sale here in the U.S., **Beertender** allows you to serve the perfect draft beer in your home anytime. The sleek unit, designed by Krups (the manufacturer of high-end coffeemakers), works exclusively with Heineken kegs. The system features a quiet, efficient electronic cooling system that chills and holds the beer at 42 degrees Fahrenheit, the perfect serving temp. **Beertender** also has sensors that indicate when the brew is ready and when the keg is starting to run dry. Just writing about this cool gadget is making us thirsty. Get **Beertender** and tap into the party.

Available at ***Beertender.com*** or ***KrupsUSA.com***. Suggested retail price: $400.

▲ AIR GUITAR HERO

We've all done it. While listening to a particularly rocking tune, you've thrown your arms up and played a little air guitar. Now you can *really* rock thanks to Activision, the company that brought out the ultrapopular *Guitar Hero* video game. Manufactured by licensee Jada Toys, **Air Guitar Rocker** consists of two magnetic picks, a rocking belt buckle and a wearable connected mini-amplifier. By waving the pick in front of the buckle at the right speed and tempo, you will unleash a fury of guitar madness. The unit, which runs on three AA batteries, comes complete with an interchangeable cartridge packed with ten songs by such rock legends as Van Halen, Motörhead, Deep Purple, Boston and Black Sabbath. Other cartridges will soon be released to add more rock to your roll. Jam anywhere, anytime! Think you rock? Prove it!

Available at ***JadaToys.com***. Suggested retail price: $29.99.

ROBOT LOVE ▶

Scientists predict that within the next 25 years people will be having sex with robots. We ask, "What's taking so long?!" Wowwee has made a step toward fulfilling the dream of hi-tech romance with its latest creation, **FemiSapien**. This sophisticated walking/talking robot communicates through an assortment of gestures, touches and sounds. That she actually doesn't talk or complain makes her better than your bitchy wife or girlfriend. Offered in two sizes, **FemiSapien** comes equipped with various sensors that detect movement and action. Plus, she has circuitry that allows her to seductively gyrate, shimmy and dance to music. You'll love exploring **FemiSapien**'s numerous regular functions and unlocking the hidden ones even more. Remember, everyone's definition of love is different.

Available at ***Wowwee.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.

PACK IT IN ▶

More than a simple backpack, the **Link Hydro Pack** from Skull Candy is also a portable entertainment and communications center. You can transport your MP3 player, cell phone and favorite beverage with this versatile piece of luggage. Control all those electronic devices through easy-to-use buttons in the straps and sip your drink on the go though the built-in hydration tubes. Plus, if you want to blast your music, the **Hydro Pack** is equipped with high-quality speakers. Perfect for bikers, hikers and you!

Available at ***SkullCandy.com***. Suggested retail price: $149.95.

Blindsided by Bush and Big Oil—Again!

PETROLEUM COMPANIES POST RECORD PROFITS, AND GAS PRICES SOAR, YET WE REMAIN BLIND TO IT ALL.

What suckers we are—all of us, unless you know someone who noticed ExxonMobil's ripping off an all-time profit for any corporation anywhere in the world: $40.6 billion in 2007. Next in line at the profit trough, Chevron, scored only $18.7 billion in its fourth consecutive record-breaking year. Yes, while young Americans were sent off to kill and be killed to wrest the oil fields of Iraq from Saddam Hussein, and while U.S. taxpayers incurred trillions in debt to assert American hegemony in the oil-soaked Gulf (ensuring the profits of the Bush family's historic business partners in Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates), Big Oil made out like the biggest bandits ever.

Surprise! The Bush clan is totally about oil. It should shock the populace that when American blood is spilled abroad, it will only help Big Oil's cause. But the public has been numbed into dumbness by a mass media that almost always treats outlandish corporate profit as a good thing for the common folk. Here's the real shocker: As Texas-based ExxonMobil, which has strong geographic ties to the Bush family, shamelessly grabs wildly excessive profits at a time when the entire U.S. economy has been brought to its knees—with consumers reeling from exorbitant gasoline prices and rapidly accelerating energy costs—media pundits still babble on about "our" interests in the Gulf.

There is no *our* or royal *we* that represents "America's interests." This is a bald deception to hoodwink the public into thinking that the average Joe filling his tank is in the same boat as the bosses of a corporation that made $4.6 million an hour while its annual profits shot up a whopping 29%. The greed of these modern-day robber barons is meekly accepted by a public brainwashed to believe that a corporate entity based in Irving, Texas, is—like the Dallas Cowboys—part of "America's Team."

Nonsense. ExxonMobil owns the franchise, and the rest of us are just drunken fans getting our overpriced tickets punched. As Senator Charles E. Schumer (D-New York) put it, more with sarcasm than rage: "Congratulations to ExxonMobil and Chevron for reminding Americans why they cringe every time they pull into a gas station, and for reminding Washington why it needs to act swiftly to break our dependence on foreign oil and roll back unnecessary tax incentives for oil companies."

A very bright fellow, Schumer knows damn well—as chair of Congress's Joint Economic Committee—that the dependence which needs to be broken is not on foreign oil. That commodity was reasonably priced before Bush went to war. Instead, we need to break our dependence on the monolithic energy corporations themselves. It was they who wrote the marching orders for this administration as it set about roiling the energy markets that ExxonMobil and Chevron so adroitly exploited.

The first bookend of the Bush Administration was the Enron debacle, the greatest corporate scandal in U.S. history. It was engineered by none other than Kenneth Lay, a deep-pocket campaign donor whom George W. Bush affectionately called "Kenny Boy." Meanwhile, the outrageous ExxonMobil/Chevron profit peak is the end marker on the Bush regime's shelf of deceit.

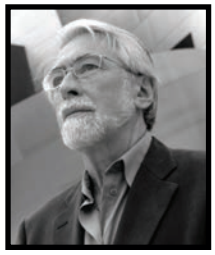
Never has there been such a rapacious ripoff of the public interest than the Bush scoundrels' entering office, all singing the siren song of deregulation, which enabled the criminal behavior of their corporate buddies to soar uncontrolled. Criminal in the strictest legal sense of the word (as evidenced by felony convictions in the Enron and other cases), but also morally criminal in Big Oil's exploitation of a false energy crisis engineered by Bush's foreign adventures, all to drive up the price of oil.

I say we were all suckers because this assault—on our personal assets, stealing our hard-earned money desperately needed to pay the mortgage and get the kids schooled—took place in broad daylight. We should have been forewarned when Bush quickly brought Condoleezza Rice onboard. From 1991 until her 2001 appointment as national security advisor, this country's current secretary of state sat on Chevron's board of directors. Rice's Chevron connection was certainly no secret. Heck, the oil giant had named one of its double-hulled tankers for her.

Duh. The words *Condoleezza Rice* appear in huge letters on that massive red ship. However, when the appointee arrived in Washington, dominating the media were photographs of the "other" Rice: Stanford University's one-time provost (actually a corporate wheeler-dealer hiding out in academic regalia) or the sweet and innocent, Bible-studying, piano-playing child prodigy.

Much more difficult for the media to remake was Vice President Dick Cheney, who—as head of Halliburton—was up to his eyeballs in Big Oil transactions, including working a Caspian Sea pipeline deal for Chevron's benefit. Cheney goes back to Bush I's administration, whose chief trade representative was Carla Hills, another former Chevron board member who had a tanker named for her.

With the Bushies' arrival, we should have seen what was coming. Why were we so goddamn blind?



Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written six hard-hitting books, notably *Thinking Tuna Fish*, *Talking Death: Essays on the Pornography of Power* and *Playing President: My Close Encounters With Nixon, Carter, Bush I, Reagan and Clinton—And How They Did Not Prepare Me for George W. Bush.*

GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

Historical Hitman

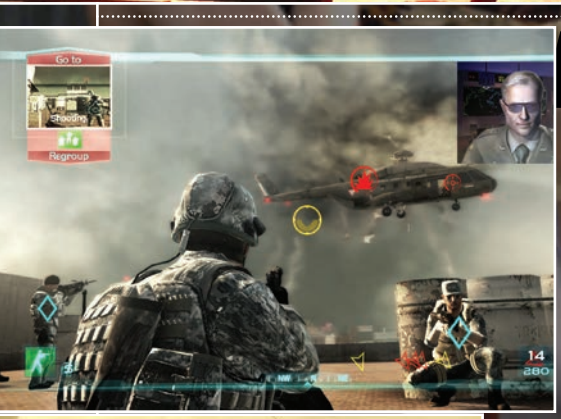
Assassin's Creed
Manufacturer: Ubisoft
Format: PS3

Looking for a killer first-generation game? Well, this is it! The year is 1191 during the battles of the Third Crusade, and you are Altair, a ruthless Assassin. Your mission? Stop the bloodshed and reunite the Holy Land by ironically shedding a little blood yourself. Your moves and actions as the ruthless shadowy warrior can throw the world around you into chaos and change the course of history.

Helluva Good Time

Devil May Cry 4
Manufacturer: Capcom
Format: PS2, Wii

As expected from the team that delivered ***Resident Evil 4*** and the original ***Devil May Cry***, the latest installment in the hugely successful action series is a gothic supernatural thrill ride. This time around, our hero Nero unleashes a barrage of nonstop attacks via combos and by using his powerful "Devil Bringer" arm. The action, which is as intense as it is seamless, ingeniously blends firearms and swordplay. Go ahead, make the devil weep.



You'll Be Haunted

Ghost Recon 2: Advanced Warfighter
Manufacturer: Ubisoft
Format: PS3

Created by best-selling author Tom Clancy, a master of military intrigue, the award-winning ***Ghost Recon*** series continues in a big way. As a soldier of fortune guarding the U.S.-Mexico border years in the future, your job is easy—except for the ghosts that haunt and battle you on a daily basis. This fast-paced shoot-'em-up features all-new battlegrounds, improved cross con and vastly improved artificial intelligence. Perfect for fans of supernatural and military shooting games alike.

Monster Mash

Obscure: The Aftermath
Manufacturer: Ignition Entertainment
Format: PS2, Wii, PC

Giant monsters! Mysterious black flowers! Hot-looking chicks displaying lots of cleavage! Has there ever been a better video game? You are one of six young people who endured a brutal monster attack years earlier. Trying to put the horrifying past behind them, the close-knit survivors have picked up their lives and are now attending college. All would be fine if not for the aforementioned strange plant life germinating and about to give life to sheer evil. Cue the creepy music.

Our Nation's Chief Distorter of the Law

I never thought I'd miss the ludicrously incompetent Alberto Gonzales, but his successor, Michael Mukasey, is a light-year more intelligent and therefore more dangerous to what is left of our civil liberties in these last months of the Bush-Cheney subversion of the Constitution.

For all of Mukasey's pledges to the Senate Judiciary Committee upon his confirmation—stridently maintaining he would be independent of the President—the new attorney general has been continually complicit in furthering the delusion of "the Decider" that he is the law. During a January 30, 2008, oversight hearing before that committee, Mukasey engaged in what a *Los Angeles Times* editorial accurately called "repugnant equivocation" on Bush's chronic coverups of the laws he has disobeyed.

For example, Mukasey said, "I can't speak to whether people were, in fact, waterboarded, or whether the President approved that…because I'm not authorized to." A self-imposed gag rule by the nation's chief law enforcer!

And there was this deep genuflection to the commander in chief: "I can't contemplate any situation in which this President would assert [the Constitution's] Article II authority to do something that the law forbids."

Such as, Mr. Attorney General? Bush's warrantless spying on our telephone calls and e-mails in violation of the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act?

Not at all surprisingly, Mukasey agrees with the President that the telecommunications companies that crucially cooperated with him in this lawless eavesdropping on us should not be punished, and that all citizens' lawsuits against these "patriotic" companies must be dismissed. So spoke the chief law distorter!

As for Mukasey's by-now-notorious refusal to say whether or not waterboarding is torture, former U.S. Secretary of Homeland Security Tom Ridge shames Mukasey: "There's just no doubt in my mind. Under any set of rules, waterboarding is torture." At a December 2007 hearing, Mukasey wouldn't even say whether or not waterboarding an American citizen anywhere in the world is torture.

I expect bin Laden and the other jihadists were also watching that cloudy oversight hearing and must have nodded eagerly to each other at Mukasey's remark.

It's not hard to understand the reason Mukasey continues to make a fool of himself. The waterboarding process is an actual, not simulated, drowning of a prisoner, which will cause death if not stopped in time. Were the attorney general to admit that waterboarding is indeed a crime under our laws—as well as the U.N. Convention Against Torture and the Geneva Conventions—he would have to prosecute not only the actual torturers, but also those who authorized the torture, going all the way up the chain of command.This would include the current occupant of the Oval Office.

In the January 21, 2008, *New Yorker,* Director of National Intelligence J. Michael McConnell let slip why Mukasey is willing to endure ridicule rather than cough up the truth. Said McConnell about waterboarding: "If it is ever determined to be torture, there will be a huge penalty to be paid for anyone engaging in it."

Mukasey is aware that judges of the Nazi leaders at the Nuremberg Trials ruled that the defense of "just following orders" doesn't work.

During all the press coverage of Mukasey before and after confirmation, there was hardly any reference to a chillingly self-revealing article he wrote in the May 10, 2004, *Wall Street Journal*. At the time, he was widely respected, even revered, by prominent members of the bar as a long-time federal judge in New York.

Pointing out that the Bill of Rights was omitted from the original Constitution (much to the horror of Thomas Jefferson), Mukasey insisted: "It may well be that those who drafted the original Constitution understood that if you give equal prominence to the provisions creating the government and the provisions guaranteeing rights against the government...then citizens will feel that much less inclined to sacrifice in behalf of their government, and that much more inclined simply to go where their rights and their interests seem to take them."

Mukasey concluded that "the hidden message in the structure of the Constitution is that the government is entitled, at least in the first instance [like in a war against 'terrorists'], to the benefit of the doubt."

Trust your government and your commander in chief!

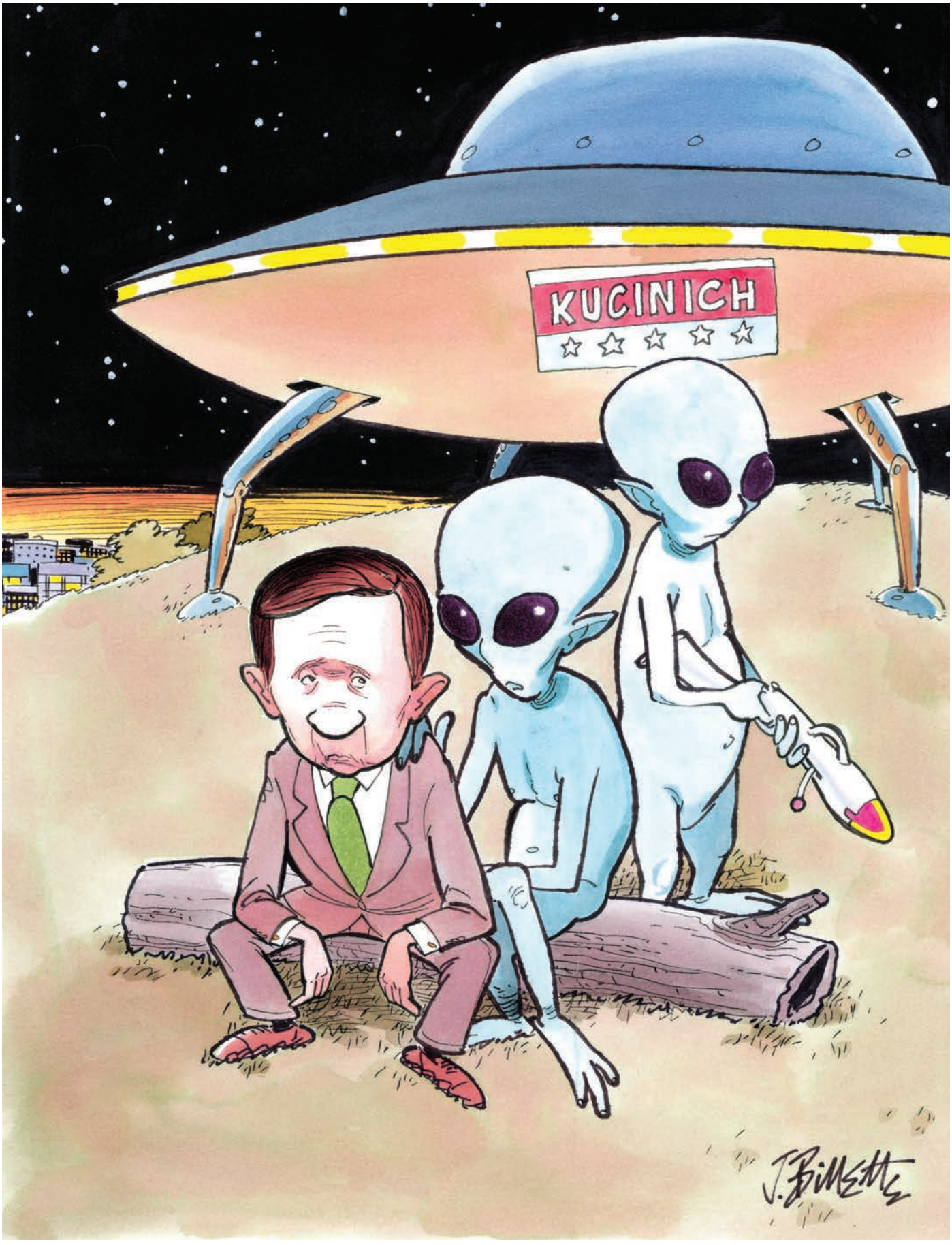
It is disgracefully fitting that George W. Bush should end his reign—so destructive of our liberties—by making Michael Mukasey our chief law-enforcement officer, heading the Justice Department's legal authority over the national intelligence director and, of course, the President himself. As schoolchildren were once taught, "No man, including the President, is above the law."

Imagine James Madison, architect of the main body of the Constitution and the drafter of the Bill of Rights, coming back to Earth and seeing an attorney general of the United States removing from our founding documents the very soul of what makes us Americans.

So it's not surprising that two years after fearless *New York Times* reporter James Risen wrote *State of War*, a penetrating book on the CIA, Bush's attorney general reared his ugly head. Mukasey had a federal grand jury subpoena Risen to force him to reveal his confidential sources for a chapter of the exposé.

As for Mukasey's disabling of the First Amendment in the Bill of Rights, oh, don't worry about it. Trust your government! We're lucky that Rudy Giuliani dropped out of the Presidential race. If he had been America's next President, Mr. Mukasey would doubtless have remained in his pivotal post. But who among the leading candidates can we trust for appointments, not only to head the Department of Justice, but also to fill the vacancies on the Supreme Court?

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice*, the *Washington Times*, the United Media Newspaper Syndicate and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; *Free Speech for Me But Not for Thee*; *The War on the Bill of Rights—And the Gathering Resistance*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*



"Sorry you had to quit the race, Dennis, but I warned you not to tell everyone that you saw us!"

Who Cares? (We Do!)

It was heartening to see Larry's *Publisher's Statement* in the May '08 issue about the almost-unnoticed civil war the "haves" in this nation are waging against the "have nots" (which more and more of us are turning into). You did a great job of following up Larry's editorial with articles that reinforced his point.

Even the cartoons, such as the one showing American servicemen raising an oil derrick with the Stars and Stripes on it, and the parody about insurance giant Cigna's lack of basic humanity drove the point home. So did columnist Bob Scheer, who illuminated how the neocons have enriched themselves at our expense. And kudos to Danny Schechter for his piece about sleazy lenders driving Americans into debt slavery when all they wanted was to own their own home and take part in the American Dream.

I'm proud to have once been executive editor of this ever-relevant publication.

—Lee Quarnstrom
La Habra, California

Texas Heels

I greatly enjoyed Larry Flynt's *Sex, Lies and Politics*. I read it periodically because when I do, I get very angry. Maybe one reason Larry's book is so good is that he's had to deal with some idiotic (and corrupt) public officials in his career. Living in Houston, you could say I live at Ground Zero in Bush territory.

The worst thing about Texas is the judicial system. It's now all Republican judges, from the state Supreme Court on down. I've been a victim of tort reform myself; it means that in this state an individual cannot sue a big corporation.

A few years ago I filed a lawsuit against Household International (now HSBC) over what I felt was an illegal conversion of its preferred stock. The judges would not allow me to sue in Texas on the grounds that Household International wasn't doing business in this state, despite the fact that its wholly owned Household Finance and Beneficial had locations throughout Texas.

About a year later, Household International paid a settlement to the State of Texas and 20 other states for its questionable mortgage practices. Why would the company be settling with Texas if it hadn't been doing business here?

What this illustrates is that despite being a child of the upper middle class, I am now being squeezed like many others in my income group. Only the rich elite seem to be immune at this point.

—William Baldwin
Houston, Texas

Raise the Bar!

Love the magazine, but can we have some more exotic women? The same blond, white-bread look over and over is getting old. Sochee Malo singlehandedly saved your April '08 issue. So let's see more sultry beauties—that's an order!

And while I'm ranting, I have a bone to pick about the amateurs (*Beaver Hunt*): Some of them look a holy mess! If I want to see what a girl looks like after a bar fight, I'll go over to the local truck stop. Maybe you should sponsor makeovers for them and show us the before and after pics. That would be a plus for everybody! **—Nick S.**
Bakersfield, California

Darwin's Dream

Thanks for introducing me to the beautiful Brooke Banner [*Down & Dirty*, February '08]. I love real tits, and Brooke's are sheer perfection. As a strict evolutionist, I just wanna say: That's what I call natural selection! **—M.T.**
Newport News, Virginia

Survival of the hottest: Brooke Banner does her species proud.

Clit, Clit, Clit, Clit!

You have a lot of fine-looking pussies in your magazine, but I would love to see more open pussies—I mean *really* open—and more clits. It's sometimes hard to see a gal's clit. I need to see more clit. I'm a man who loves to look at clit. I even like to write the word *clit* as much as possible, so please, more clit in your pages. Come on, make an old clit lover happy.

—Frank Costa
Grover Beach, California

Godsmacked

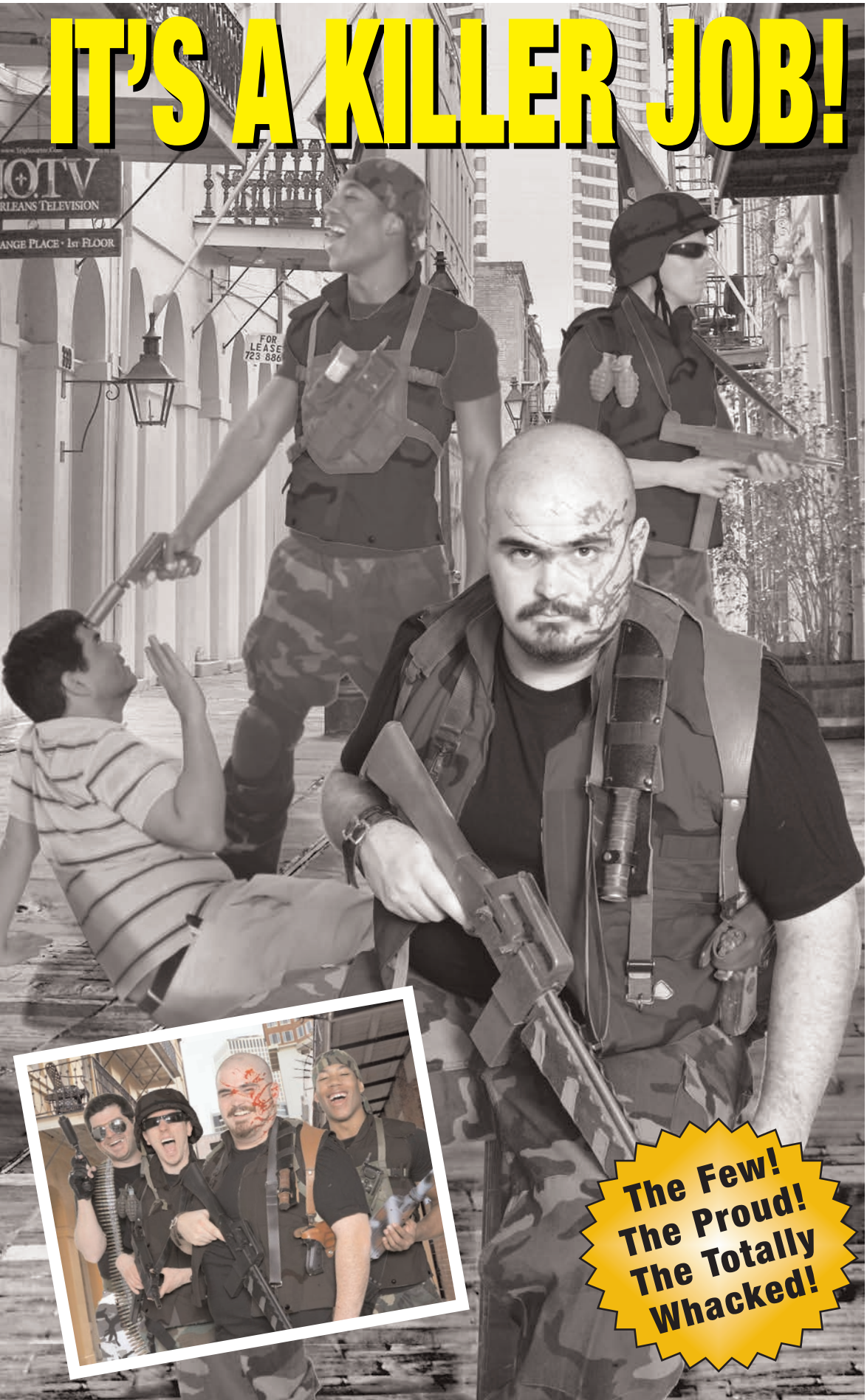
You fuckers at HUSTLER are still kickin' ass! I was so impressed by your Godsmack article awhile back [October '06], I wrote a letter, and it was published. I showed it to my friends, and they freaked out. It proves you really read our letters. That's the shit! And tell Larry he should run for President or at least become the new CEO of Disney. No one can stop the American people from writing or speaking their minds. We will always fight for freedom of speech! **—Joel Pettit**
Bay, Arkansas

Look for our follow-up interview with Godsmack lead singer Sully Erna on page 105.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

JOIN Blackwater

IT'S A KILLER JOB!



Are you a borderline psycho who constantly fantasizes about killing people? Are you a high-strung maniac with an itchy trigger finger and a taste for blood? Then you need to join Blackwater.

We are an elite private army that travels the globe to wreak havoc in the name of justice. Yes, it's true! Our operatives get to "accidentally" shoot, maim, blow up and kill at will.

Whether it's Muslims in Iraq or poor black folks in New Orleans, you can have target practice anytime you want with no repercussions. Plus, the pay is great!

Blackwater: It's every psycho killer's dream.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on Bush's private army, which has already killed several innocents at home and abroad. How do Blackwater mercenaries get away with it? They aren't under any military jurisdiction overseas, and it's doubtful that Bush's "Justice" Department will prosecute any of them at home. We don't mean to say that every one of you ruthless motherfuckers is a homicidal maniac, but your actions speak louder than our words. For more info, check out **BlackwaterBook.com**.

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Karl Rove

Karl Rove has made a career out of slime, first in the Republican National Committee, then in the White House itself and now in his private life. Posing as a Fox TV pundit, our 34th-anniversary Asshole is still dispensing pro-Bush platitudes.

On a visit to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, *Esquire* writer Ron Suskind observed Rove working his phone magic: "It was like ignoring a tornado flinging parked cars. 'We will fuck him. Do you hear me? We will fuck him! We will ruin him! Like no one has ever fucked him!' As a reporter, you get around—curse words, anger, passionate intensity are not notable events—but the ferocity, the bellicosity, the violent imputations were, well, shocking."

What makes this influential neocon blow the smoke he does? Could it be because Rove's unwed mother didn't know who his father was? Could it be that his adopted dad came out of the closet when pork-faced Karl was a nerdy teen? Whatever the reasons, Rove was warped early on. Just out of college in 1972, he became one of the dirty tricksters of the Watergate scandal.

In 1980, George H.W. Bush took a shine to the devious fuck, and soon his politically ambitious son had a new wrangler. Rove's recollection of meeting Dubya borders on homoerotic porn: "Huge amounts of charisma, swagger, cowboy boots, flight jacket, wonderful smile, just charisma—you know, wow." Jesus, Karl, how many times have you watched *Brokeback Mountain* anyway?

His combination of man-worship and homophobia isn't surprising if you believe gay-insider scuttlebutt. Twice married, Rove has long been rumored to be a self-loathing closet case who prefers young men. The 57-year-old's purported cruising moniker is "Miss Piggy," a reference to either his looks or sexual tastes.

A dicksucker or not, Rove has no spiritual values. "I'm not fortunate enough to be a person of faith," he has oozed with false regret. Biographers James Moore and Wayne Slater, in *The Architect*, peg the man as an agnostic. Even so, Rove managed to spoon-feed every Christian in America the greatest lie of the century: that a drunken, coke-snorting draft-dodger was a heroic leader.

As Bush's deputy chief of staff, Rove was the brains of the White House. He had to be; the oaf in the Oval Office was brainless. Not content with an advisory role, Rove insidiously mixed PR with official policy. In 2002 and 2003 he chaired secret meetings that dummied up WMD yarns to bullshit America into war in Iraq.

In 1994, with Texas Governor Ann Richards challenging the state's oil powerbrokers, they backed the incompetent George W. Bush's campaign. In stepped Rove, who was reputedly behind the deluge of phone calls asking voters, "Would you be more or less likely to vote for Governor Richards if you knew her staff is dominated by lesbians?"

Bush triumphed, and sneak attacks became Rove's forte. Primarily, he and his underlings pandered to the GOP's "family values," while unleashing fictional rumors to destroy its "liberal enemies."

Rove reportedly held an estimated $250,000 worth of Enron stock when he officially joined Bush's staff. Legally, he was required to sell it since he'd be taking part in meetings that shaped energy policy and the value of Enron's stock.

The administration, of course, denied that Rove's presence constituted a conflict of interest. Pull the other leg, it plays "Jingle Bells."

More out of fear than friendship, spineless politicians like John McCain kiss Rove's pasty ass for fear that his vile fury will be directed at them instead of their Democratic "enemies." Back in the 2000 South Carolina primary, Rove scuttled McCain's chances of defeating G.W. Bush with a disgustingly successful smear campaign.

Rove flunkies called voters and inquired, "Would you be more likely or less likely to vote for John McCain for President if you knew he had fathered an illegitimate black child?" Henchmen also planted rumors that McCain had betrayed his fellow POWs in North Vietnam and that the Arizona senator's wife had an uncontrolled drug problem. None of these slanders was true.

While outraged then, this February, McCain gushed, "I've always respected Karl Rove. … I'd be glad to get his advice." Throwing a piddly $2,300 into the white-haired fart's campaign coffers, Rove knows how cheaply some can be bought off.

Back in the day, George W. gave Rove the nickname "Turd Blossom," a Texas flower that sprouts out of cow manure. As usual, the smirking chimp got it backward. Bush and his fanatical friends are the parasitical flowers, none of whom could exist without being perpetually nourished by the steaming pile of shit that is Karl Rove.

Farts in the Wind

•**Robert Somma**, 63, a U.S. Bankruptcy Court judge since 2004, resigned this past February after pleading guilty to DUI charges. The shit first hit the fan when police near Manchester, New Hampshire, spotted a Mercedes that had rear-ended a pickup truck. Before being arrested, the driver—wearing a black cocktail dress, fishnet stockings and high heels—poked through a purse, failing to produce a driver's license even though it was in plain sight of the officers. When the lawmen finally examined the ID, they realized the ugly dame behind the wheel was actually an ugly, middle-aged guy…and a judge to boot. His Honor—or should we say *Her* Honor?—is married, and the missus was out of town at the time. (What is it about these Bush appointees? Do they *all* have blackmail fodder in their past?)

•**Jill Lewis**, 26—a teacher at a Christian school in Texas—has been hauled up on charges of an "improper relationship" with a 17-year-old boy. When the hottie was unable to post bail, the local rangers threw her into the hoosegow. The big problem: Jill, where the fuck were you when *we* went to school? Back then, female teachers all looked like the ghastly Wicked Witch of the West in *The Wizard of Oz*. Now it seems they're young, fuckable MILFs. It just ain't fair.

HILLARY GETS CHOKED UP AGAIN.
SNIFF... SNIFF... NO ONE KNOWS HOW HARD IT IS TO PRETEND TO BE HETEROSEXUAL... SNIFF...
TOSTEN.

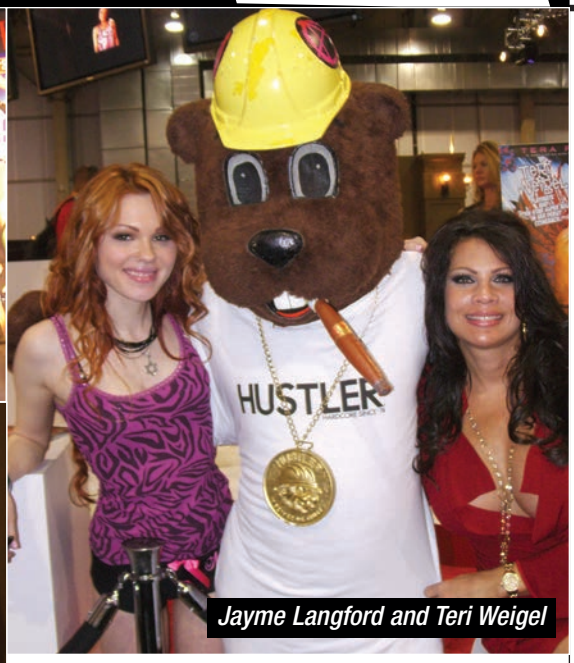
Minka

Tower of Tera

Jenna Haze

Stormy Daniels and Jesse Jane: whole lotta beaver!

PHOTO BY THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM



Jayme Langford and Teri Weigel

PHOTOS BY KEITH VALCOURT

LEAVE IT TO BEAVER

HUSTLER'S BUCKY BEAVER ran wild at this year's *AVN* expo on the Las Vegas Strip. (For coverage, see pages 62-65.) Our mischievous mascot was seen groping and being groped by the industry's top talents, including Tera Patrick, Minka, Jenna Haze, Jesse Jane and Jayme Langford (this month's covergirl), thus proving that everybody loves beaver.

PORN FROM THE PAST

THANKS AND $100 go to L.S. of Baltimore, Maryland, for this shot of a top-heavy hottie. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

Everybody Loves HUSTLER

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

MARGARET CHO IS A FILTHY GIRL. To see for yourself, check out our down-and-dirty interview with the outrageous comic, beginning on page 54 of this issue.

"Sex without love is as hollow and ridiculous as love without sex." —HUNTER S. THOMPSON, GONZO JOURNALIST

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Amy Winehouse LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

IRONICALLY, troubled songbird Amy Winehouse—whose biggest hit is "Rehab"—recently entered a rehab facility. To anyone who thinks putting a cock in the British beauty's mouth is in bad taste, we say hey, it's better than a crack pipe.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Amy Winehouse actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. Only our attorney can masturbate to this photo.

EXTREME EROTICA

WE'VE ALWAYS thought of sex as an adventure! So pick up HUSTLER's latest special, *Adventure Sex*. It looks at the thrilling side of our favorite activity and is at newsstands now.

BEST OF HUSTLER
16 UNDISCOVERED MYSPACE BEAUTIES!
PRESENTS Girls Of My Space
THE HOTTEST GIRLS ON THE WEB
THE PICS THEY COULDN'T PUT ON THEIR PAGES!
YOUR GUIDE TO THE WONDERS OF MYSPACE
GET THEIR LINKS & HOOK UP!
LEXY LEE
THE NEXT BIG INTERNET SENSATION!
PERSONAL PROFILES: LEARN THEIR SECRET KINKS
CHARLOTTE NARNI
BE MY FRIEND
INTERNET SEXPOTS SHOW ALL

MYSPACE OR YOUR SPACE?

CHECK OUT OUR latest BEST OF HUSTLER, which features some of the hottest undiscovered talent we picked up on the Internet. These babes will have you grabbing much more than your mouse.

CAN'T FIND 'EM AT THE NEWSSTAND?

TO PURCHASE *Adventure Sex* or *Best of Hustler: Girls of MySpace*, send a $10 check or money order to Back Issues, Attn: L. Little, LFP Publishing Group, LLC, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. For credit card orders, e-mail *BackIssues@LFP.com* or call 323-651-5400, ext. 7651. International orders not accepted.

"Sex is more exciting on the screen and between the pages than between the sheets." —ANDY WARHOL, ARTIST

NEWSBITES

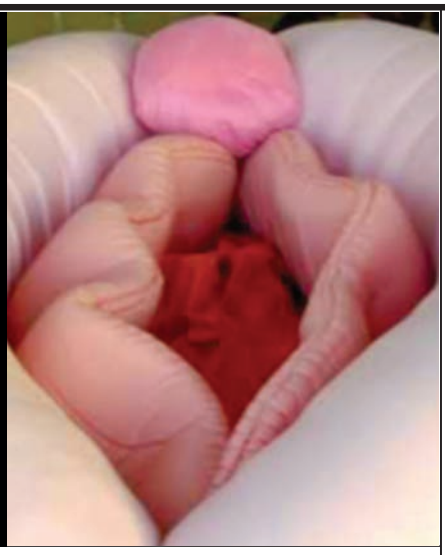
Lock and Lube
Police in Valentine, Nebraska, are on the hunt for an offender they have dubbed "The Butt Cheek Bandit." With a lubricant smeared all over his naked body, the oddball has approached several storefronts at night and pressed his hindquarters against their windows and doors. Authorities are baffled by the suspect's motive. We suggest he's merely window shopping in his own weird way.

Animal Magnetism
That's no way to milk a cow! An amorous admirer of livestock in Cambodia got more than he bargained for recently by attempting to have sex with a heifer. The angry bovine not only rebuffed the barnyard Romeo's advances, but also trampled him to death. Remember, rape is never funny—unless it involves a perv who's intent on raping an animal and then gets his just deserts, ending up dead at the hooves of the critter. Then it's fucking hilarious.

Rooftop Romance
The naked bodies of a man and woman were discovered on a busy street with no evidence of foul play or a traffic accident. No gunshot wounds. No wrecked cars. No witnesses. Not a stitch on the stiffs. This isn't an episode of *Monk*. It really happened in South Carolina. After searching the surrounding area, police discovered two neatly folded sets of clothes on the pointed rooftop of a building. Apparently, the lovebirds plummeted to their deaths while or after engaging in some alfresco fucking. We've heard of falling for a girl, but this is ridiculous.

You Little Thief!
A rash of thefts on trains in Sweden had police baffled. How could luggage that was locked in a secure railcar end up getting riffled through and valuables whisked off when no one was seen entering or leaving? One word: dwarves! Displaying a stroke of genius, a clever individual or gang tucked little people into gym bags that ended up in a train's baggage compartment. During stops, the mini crooks would free themselves, loot the surrounding luggage and return to their gym bags for pickup. We were dying to come up with a joke to end this story, but we've come up a little short. Hey, not bad!

COOCH COUCH



TALK ABOUT a love seat! We found this comfy vagina sofa offered for sale on Craigslist. It was created by an art student and can be yours for under a grand. Just the thing you need to decorate your bachelor pad.

Sign of the Times

NOTHING AGAINST GAYS, but we'll get our cigarettes somewhere else, thanks.

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER, Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture—J.H of Greenville, Kentucky, provided this one—we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

Permanence: Tattoo Portraits BY KIP FULBECK

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL

TATTOOS—once strictly the calling card of bikers, criminals and sailors—have now become a true cultural phenomenon. In his new photo-book, Kip Fulbeck not only presents an array of dazzling images, but also tells the stories behind each enthusiast's body art. The lensman's inked subjects range from everyday teachers and soldiers to celebrities, notably Tera Patrick, Scott Weiland, Joan Jett and Margaret Cho.

Look for *Permanence: Tattoo Portraits* at bookstores nationwide.

"When women go wrong, men go right after them." —MAE WEST, ACTRESS

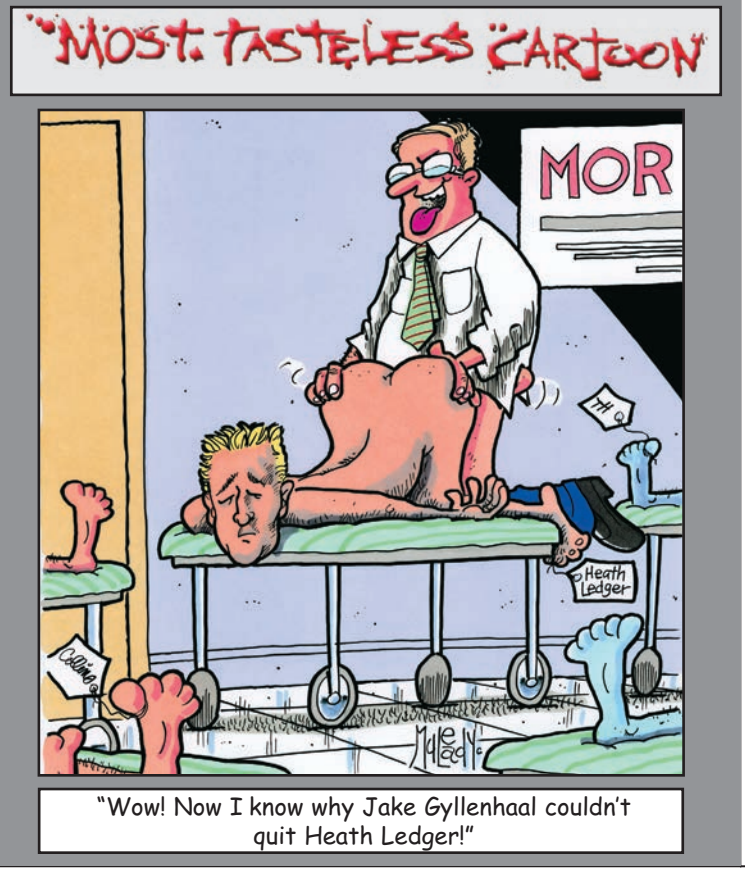
3-D DEATH

WHADDAYA THINK OF THESE amazing 3-D images we found in a recent issue of *Girls & Corpses* magazine? The macabre monthly features bikini-clad babes posing with human cadavers, skeletons and other ghoulish props. All you need is a cool pair of 3-D glasses to enjoy the strange blend of death and titillation.

NEWS BABES

CHITA JOHNSON IS the morning weathergirl at KRCR Channel 7 in Redding, California. The mesmerizing meteorologist has a cheery smile that can brighten any rainy day. Thanks to D.T. for submitting this talking head.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER, News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.



"Wow! Now I know why Jake Gyllenhaal couldn't quit Heath Ledger!"

"Chastity always takes its toll. In some it produces pimples; in others sex laws." —KARL KRAUS, SATIRIST

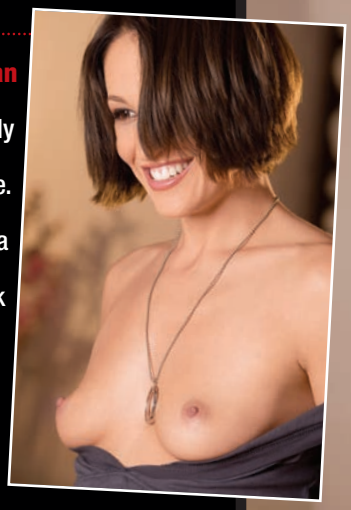
Chat With
REAL GIRLS
NOW in your area
Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?
HUSTLER
PERSONALS
WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU
You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.
Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW
PEAK INSIDE

TAKE A PEEK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR HICKSPHOTO

RYAN KEELY

I'm not your typical porn star," **Ryan Keely** announces. "I'm completely sober and have health insurance. When I did my first movie scene, I was a mess. I was unhappy with that. So I took a long break and got my shit together."



Ryan did a lot of soul-searching during her hiatus, but she eventually missed being part of the XXX scene. "I was eager to get back in because of all these beautiful people having sex on film. I thought it wasn't fair that everybody was getting laid but me! So I used all my connections and started fresh. The best part is I now get to do everything on *my* terms, even choosing my partners. It's like I'm ordering off a menu, and I only handpick the tastiest costars."

Whetting **Ryan**'s appetite can be a tall order. "I work out all the time and eat only organic," the limber brunette coos. "I prefer partners who are healthy and hot. Plus, they have to love art. After sex, it's my biggest passion in life. I spend most of my free time in art galleries and museums. My favorite is the Louvre in Paris. I have a secret fantasy of meeting a handsome guy there, then having him drag me into a shadowy corner for a nice, hard fuck."

We may not know art, but as connoisseurs of beauty, we can say that **Ryan Keely** is a masterpiece.

RYAN'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: "Somewhere private in California!"

AGE: 23

BIRTH SIGN: Cancer

HEIGHT: 5-9

DOUBLE WHACK

My fist was wrapped around my dick, slowly stroking up and down. Sweat trickled down the back of my neck. A feather boa kept tickling my cheek. I was standing in the bedroom closet, my eyes glued to the crack in the door. I couldn't see everything, but I could definitely lay my eyes on a gorgeous blonde, her long, smooth back arching in orgasm as she rode her lover cowgirl-style.

The lady was my wife, Angela. Her partner was none other than my best friend and coworker, George. It was so cliché, it was hard to believe. It was so hot, it was mesmerizing. Angela was whipping her hair from side to side as her firm, round butt cheeks bounced up and down. In the meantime I could see her cunt flaps clinging to George's surprisingly thick fuckstick on every upstroke. Angela's juices glistened in his pubes.

This explained everything. The reason my wife was always unavailable in the afternoons, her cell phone always turned off. That strange little smile on her face lately. That strange little smirk George gave me when I described my suspicions to him over beers last Friday. I told him I thought my wife was cheating on me. He told me I was crazy, then bought me shots of JD. Now he was nursing on Angela's pink nipples and spanking her fine booty.

Ironically, it had always been a fantasy of mine to watch my wife with another man, a stranger to boot. But every time I'd mentioned it, the little woman had acted, well, prudish. Hard to believe, the way she was slapping George's nut sac now and pushing a finger into his browneye for a little digital wave. My own pecker throbbed against my palm, but I'd be damned if I came before my supposed best friend.

This morning, after weeks of wondering, I'd finally decided to find out what the fuck was going on. I told George I had back-to-back sales appointments scheduled for the afternoon. Then, while my wife was out of the house for her Pilates class, I snuck into the closet and waited for hours. I was about to doze off on my feet when I heard the door to our apartment open and close, followed by giggling.

My pulse started racing. I could hear voices approaching. After 12 years of marital bliss, my wife was cheating on me! Or was this just her latest affair? I fought the urge to explode from my hiding place and whack the bastard raw.

Then I saw who it was—George, my coworker, my best friend. I was speechless. All I could do was watch as they stripped each other naked and fell onto the bed, my bed. But even in my bewildered state, I couldn't help but marvel at my wife's beauty—golden locks falling to the small of her back; full, lush curves; legs that went on for days.

Just as I was about to burst from the closet, Angela started licking her way down her paramour's belly to his impressive dick. Damn thing must have been eight inches, and the way she licked, nibbled and spit on his cap—well, suddenly, *I* was fully erect. My true voyeuristic nature overwhelmed me. Oh, I was still jealous, you can be sure of that, but now I was horny as hell too. After all, minus George, this was my fantasy.

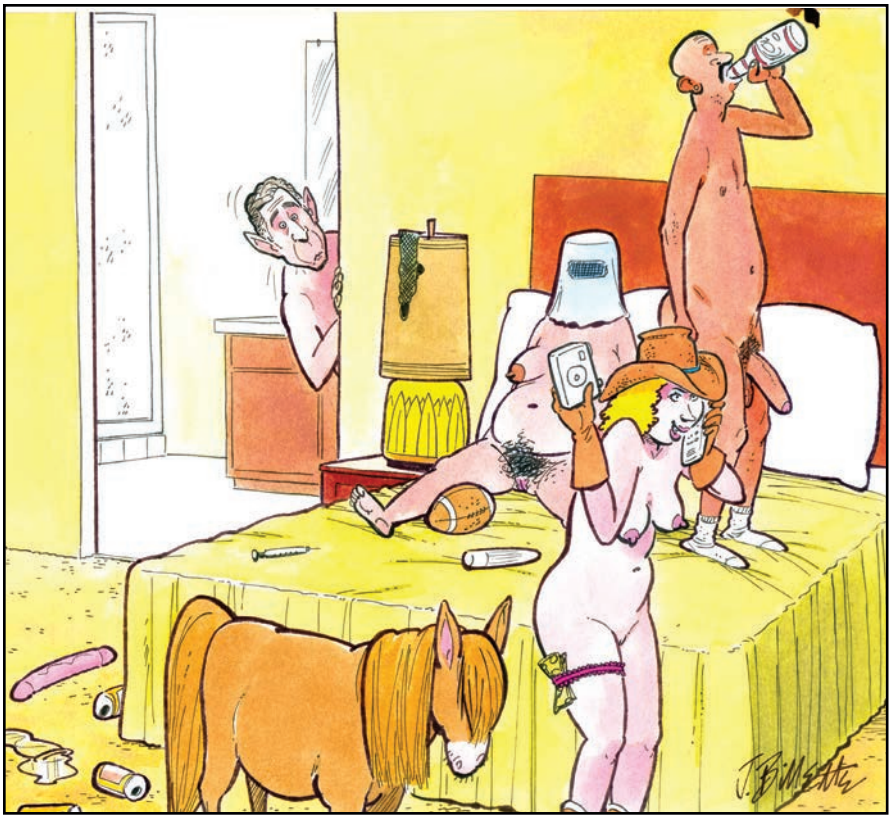
So I freed my boner as I watched my Angela teabag the man. Soon she was sucking on both of his fat nuts while she jacked his log. God, she was good. But she wouldn't let him come. No, not yet. Instead, Angela scooted up till she was sitting on his cock. She had it pinned against his stomach, and she was massaging the shaft with her labes. And all the while she talked dirty: "You're going to dick me deep," she cooed. "Oh, yeah, make me scream! Twist my nipples! Spank my ass!"

My own fist moved faster. Soon George couldn't stand it. He lifted my wife up and impaled her on his monster. And that's just about where you came into this letter.

Angela was riding him hard. He was bucking off the bed. I was jacking in the closet. I could tell when he started coming. All of a sudden George's body went rigid, and he screamed, "Fuck, yes!"

Seconds later, I sprayed the closet door. Then, at long last, I leapt wildly from my hiding place and decked the fuckin' sonofabitch! —R.L.

WILKES-BARRE, PENNSYLVANIA



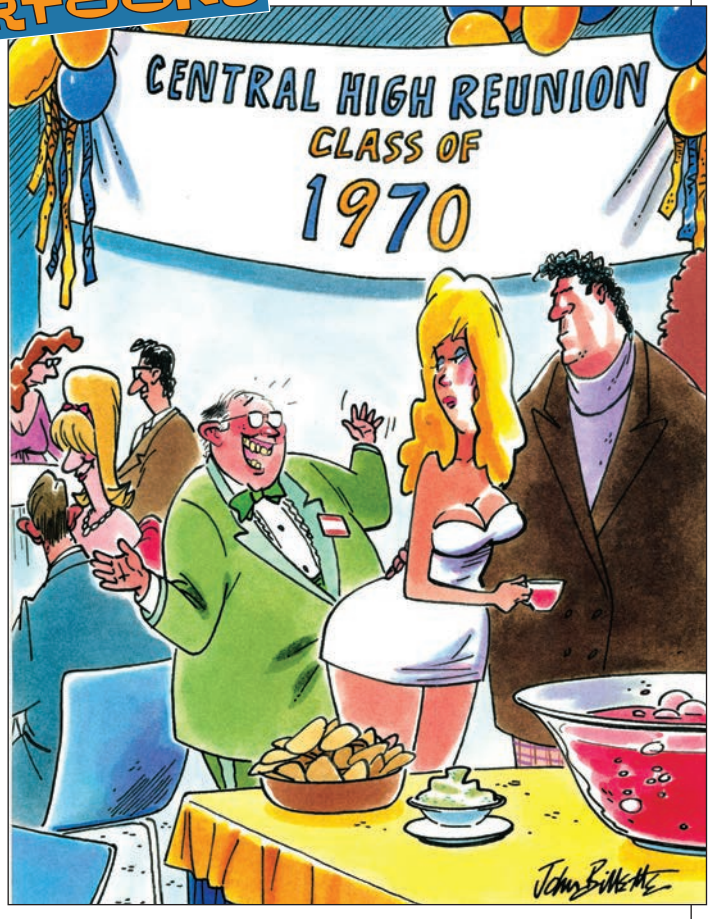
"Hello, Mr. Flynt?! Get out yer fucking checkbook!"

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"Forget that. This'll get someone here in no time!"

HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS

"Ha! Let's see some emphysema-riddled bastard try to sue us for false advertising now!"



"Remember me? Biff Clarn?! Junior prom. Slow dance. I came in my pants. It dripped all over your shoe!"

AIR FORCE
AIR FORCE

AMERICA'S COLD CIVIL WAR

Investigative reporter **Larisa Alexandrovna** reveals how the powers-that-be and their corporate henchmen are waging war on the working class.

The Bush Administration has been using media outlets as cutouts for state-sponsored propaganda since even before the unelected Bush was appointed to office by a politically motivated Supreme Court decision that negated the will of the people and the popular vote. The attacks of September 11, 2001, were not the all-transforming event that "changed everything." Rather, it was the inevitable consequences of the High Court's monumental failure to protect the Constitution by choosing Bush over Al Gore. Adding insult to injury, the 2000 Presidential race also revealed just how willingly the corporate media fabricated a myth of goodness and accomplishment out of a man so ill-suited to be anywhere near a position of responsibility, let alone the Presidency of the United States.

The robber barons needed a compliant figurehead, and so their allied Fourth Estate bosses fixed the propaganda around the Bush myth, creating substance where there was none. This disinformation effectively molded an image of a war veteran candidate who not only boasted a stellar educational background, but was also a successful businessman and an honest Texan raised on a farm. Those lies led to more lies, and since then we have essentially been held hostage by an ever-expanding parade of liars.

The most extreme example of this, of course, is Fox News, which is seen by all credible journalists as political porn—of the low-grade variety at that—featuring D-listers in the news industry with the ethics of Debbie and her Dallas doers. Fox is laughable, and it is clearly a state-run organ that handpicks obliging mouthpieces to "report" officially sanctioned news.

The Fox outfit dispenses obvious propaganda, but it has played the foil to something far more insidious and sinister, and which in its sheer subtlety is far more dangerous. Compared to Fox, the "mainstream" press seems almost left-wing. In reality, the mainstream is neither liberal nor anything remotely resembling even a moderate or objective

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM SIMONTON

Fourth Estate—and that is the danger.

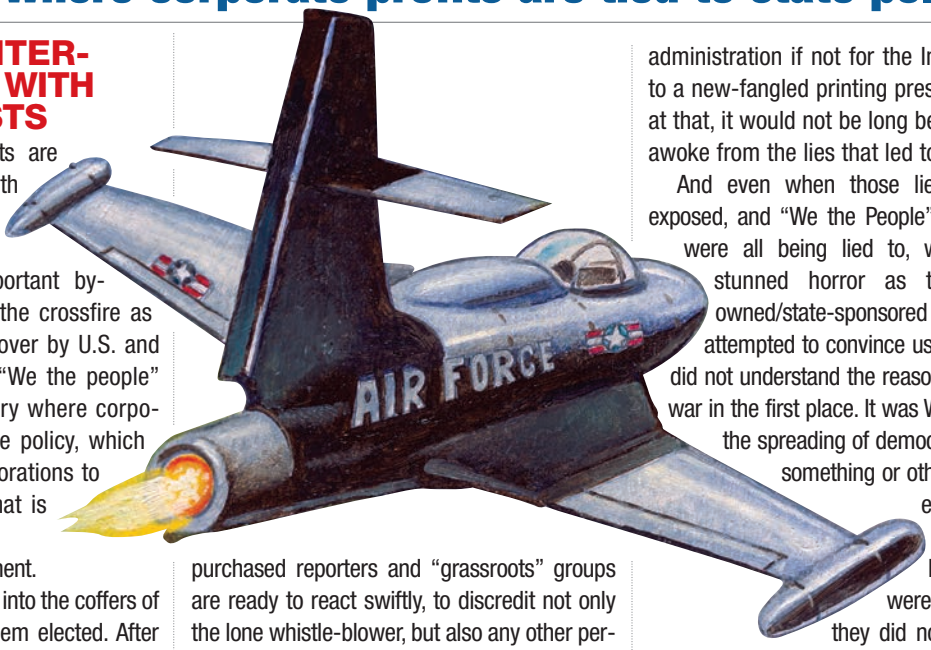
Should you have doubt in this regard, I urge you to consider, as an example, the revelations from Dan Rather about what CBS did to curry favor with the White House. Or the most criminal example of what can happen to a corporate-owned, fully politicized media: the Iraq War.

Once called yellow journalism, these types of political propaganda practices—cleverly renamed "fair and balanced"—have now become the standard. So it naturally follows that the robber barons and their Fourth Estate business partners should indeed benefit from the puppet they all worked so vigorously to enthrone.

America's corporate interests are now almost entirely at one with its political interests. … "We the people" does not matter in a country where corporate profits are tied to state policy.

CORPORATE INTERESTS MERGED WITH STATE INTERESTS

America's corporate interests are now almost entirely at one with its political interests. The people are either relegated to the outskirts as unimportant bystanders, or are caught in the crossfire as casualties of a hostile takeover by U.S. and even foreign corporations. "We the people" does not matter in a country where corporate profits are tied to state policy, which then uses those same corporations to tell us what is real and what is fabricated.



Think about this for a moment.

A defense contractor pays into the coffers of political candidates to get them elected. After the recipients are elected, those same defense contractors get big contracts, but for what? If there is no war, how will money already promised to these companies be justified?

The mechanism is propaganda, repackaged as "news," sold to convince us to part with our hard-earned money so that the few can profit—and all under the banner of patriotism, something which no one will dare criticize.

You see, these same defense contractors also happen to either own (as with General Electric, the parent of NBC) or have business relationships with media giants, facilitating the solution of creating a necessary war. If the news informs us, as it did prior to the invasion of Iraq, that Saddam Hussein has built an entire arsenal of WMD ready to kill us, we believe it. And since dissenting views are excluded, what other choice or avenues of information can we turn to?

The same corporate and political interests have not only manufactured their version of the truth, they have also purchased identities, created front groups and bought off churches—and through them the souls of their congregants. This acts as a secondary machine of disinformation, which can—when needed—be called upon to attack and destroy.

If a voice of dissent should manage to slip through the heavily corporatized and politicized public censors, as happened in the case of U.S. Ambassador Joseph Wilson (the husband of unmasked CIA agent Valerie Plame), a cadre of purchased reporters and "grassroots" groups are ready to react swiftly, to discredit not only the lone whistle-blower, but also any other person who might consider coming forward.

This is not something associated with a democracy. It only occurs in countries under the control of an entity other than the people.

In a nation where corporations control the government, the military and every possible freedom that can be afforded to a citizen (voting rights, access to basic life-sustaining resources, etc.), a thing such as "democracy" is merely another marketing strategy or product brand, worn like a tiny American flag on the lapel of a dinner jacket.

Corporate merger with the government and military has been called fascism. In America we call it "privatization."

Some discontent began brewing in pockets across the nation shortly after the appointment of a corporate-approved leadership. It was momentarily interrupted by the horrors of an attack on this nation, but it continued to grow again as the fear tactics of the state-sponsored machine could no longer keep us all silent at the same time. Of course, the modern-day printing press in the form of the Internet is something that cannot be emphasized enough as the single most important technological development of our modern era.

In America we now have designated areas where people may protest, conveniently far away from news cameras and the targets of their outrage. The right to congregate, as with other Constitutionally protected rights, would have been almost entirely dismantled by this administration if not for the Internet. Thanks to a new-fangled printing press, a global one at that, it would not be long before the public awoke from the lies that led to the Iraq War.

And even when those lies were finally exposed, and "We the People" knew that we were all being lied to, we watched in stunned horror as the corporate-owned/state-sponsored "news" outlets attempted to convince us that we simply did not understand the reasons given for the war in the first place. It was WMD. No, it was the spreading of democracy. No, it was something or other. But whatever it was, it was always "We the People" who were at fault. What they did not realize, however, is that we simply no longer bought it.

AND SO WE MOVE INTO THE COLD CIVIL WAR

It has slowly become obvious that we are fighting a domestic war, as yet unnamed, but palpable to any of us who pay attention. Although it is important today as ever that we hold the Bush Administration accountable for cooking intelligence that led us into a war against a nation posing no threat to us, the most important question surrounds the reasons why we continue to be held hostage to that war.

Understanding the nature of the domestic battle can only lead to a single conclusion. Whatever myriad lies led us into Iraq in the first place, we now only continue to remain there as a distraction from the real war at home.

What possible motivations keep this administration focused on maintaining the worst policy decision ever conceived, let alone carried out? It can't be continued profiteering, since the rape and pillage of Iraqi resources climaxed some time ago, and the domestic pressure of Congressional investigations has changed how U.S. companies in Iraq are operating.

We can't be in Iraq because the people want to fight and win the "War on Terror," since the majority of Americans no longer believe this slogan. They also accept the fact—despite the efforts of the Fourth Estate—that Iraq had nothing to do with the attacks of 9/11. And it can't be that we are in Iraq because our allies want continued war—although the House of Saud likely wants us to clean up the mess we have already made.

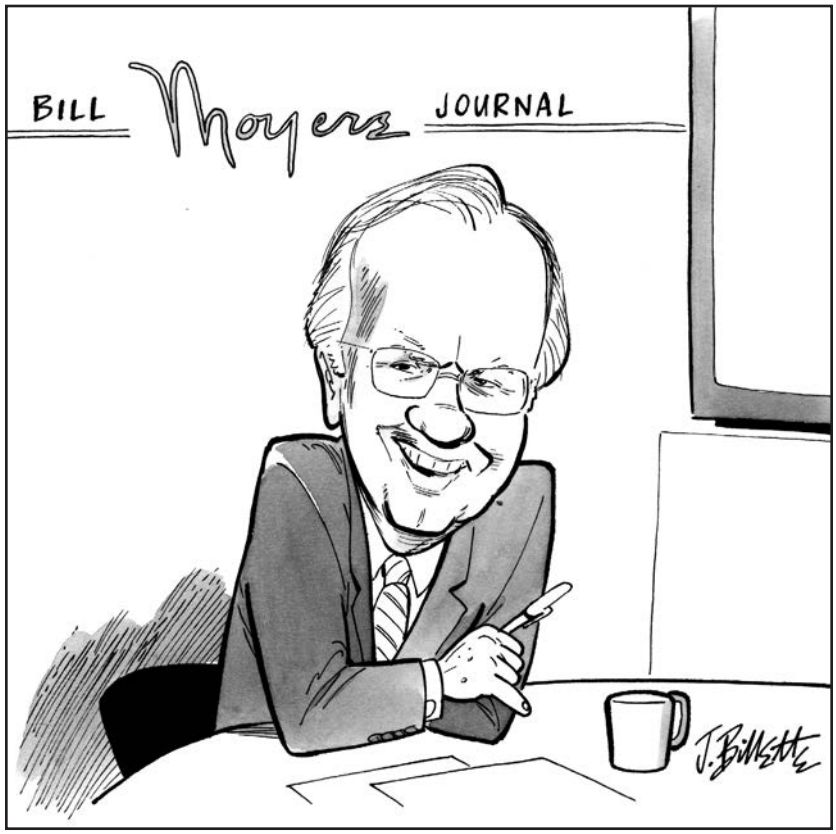
The reason we remain in Iraq is because it is the only weapon left in the political arsenal of the corporate robber barons trying to maintain their grip on domestic power. That fight for dominance is nothing short of a civil war—a *cold* civil war to be sure, but nevertheless a national struggle with the same stakes and the same motives.

Although there are no geographical demarcations indicating enemy territory, no uniforms identifying an adversary and no bloodshed in the streets, it is still a war—with the foundation of this nation and the future of our democracy at stake. Even the villains are the same now as they were during America's devastating Civil War: men who wanted corporate power, slave labor and control of government and national resources.

Today's villains would have us believe we are again a nation divided, fighting each other over contrary political and social views: pro-choice vs. anti-abortion, taxes vs. no taxes, God vs. godlessness, gays vs. heterosexuals. On and on it goes, pitting us against one another on the basis of every conceivable human attribute, position and whatever differentiates any one person from another.

Does it not seem odd that differences that have long coexisted suddenly have become strong enough to split this nation apart? I have yet to meet a sane and rational person, regardless of political affiliation, who believes anything positive about Bush, Cheney and the rest of their administration. When I talk to everyday people in everyday context, they don't bring up pro-choice vs. anti-abortion, nor do they bring up the mantra of gays taking over the country. No, everyday people I talk to are appalled, embarrassed and frightened of this cabal.

Indeed, vis-a-vis the most important issues of our time—despite our many individual differences—the majority of us agree on the basics of what is currently wrong with this country and its leadership. So why are we being constantly bombarded with the idea that we are a nation divided? And just who is spending billions on propaganda to *(continued on page 80)*



"How has our chickenshit media measured up against the Bush Administration, that close-knit group of out-of-control, dangerous, right-wing fuckups? That story and more, tonight on *Bill Moyers Journal*."

DAKODA BROOKES

Behind-the-scenes chronicle of a young Dixie chick's first taste of life as a budding porn star.

BY SCOTT FAYNER

THE HOT 18-YEAR-OLD stands in my driveway, smoking weed from a pink glass pipe. Five massive suitcases squat behind her like the Pittsburgh Steelers' defensive line. The three yapping dogs who greet this tart make it impossible for her to move. That's fine with me, 'cause at this angle the morning sunlight on her near-perfect backside does things to my johnson.

I begin explaining to her how a man of my distinction cannot be seen dragging a porn chick's luggage. I'm thinking it may not be the worst thing that's ever happened to me: having a naïve, nut-sucking newbie crash at my house for a few weeks. And it would be rude of me to not teach her the ropes before she knows any better, wouldn't it?

On the surface, Dakoda Brookes seems the archetypal new kid on the porn block: the gleam in her eyes showing the fear she insists isn't there; fading scars from a stripper-pole accident she hopes to one day forget; a crackling in her voice as she queries seasoned female performers about the massive sizes of certain male talent's endowments.

I soon discover that, sure, Dakoda loves to talk a lot about herself (and talk and talk) and has a nasty MySpace addiction I doubt she'll ever kick. Even so,

Naughty

the girl also has a pretty good head on her shoulders despite some of the hardships she's been plagued with over the years.

With sleaze veterans like Taylor Rain and Alaura Eden giving pointers on the sex biz, Dakoda realizes her good fortune. "Wow, this is exciting!" she squeals. "I've only just gotten into watching porn the last couple of months, and you two I obviously know! Cool!"

Dakoda's first test of strength in the porn universe comes mere hours after showing up at my place. Like most new arrivals in the industry, the babe rolled up to Hollywood from some rural locale—in her case Zephyrhills, Florida—with little more than her wardrobe and a few bucks, $158 to be exact. Hence, no computer.

A cuckoo for MySpace, Dakoda keeps pestering me for some serious time on my desktop until I feel about ready to choke her dead. Thankfully, a pair of bona fide porn stars are around.

Alaura comes up with an idea that seems mutually satisfying.

"Listen," she suggests. "What you need to do is take Fayner into his room and suck his dick for computer privileges."

"No fucking way!" Dakoda hollers. "I can't do that!"

"You think I've never blown a guy for computer privileges?!" Alaura counters. "C'mon, we all have!" Alaura looks to Taylor, who nods in agreement. "You'd better get used to doing things like this—and with guys a lot worse than Fayner!"

Five minutes later Dakoda has my conniving cock down her throat. Another seven and she's on MySpace with "full access" to my computer. We both agree it was a fair trade.

Leaving Dakoda to her obsessions, I dizzily hobble out of my room. She submerges herself into cyberspace, making only a brief reappearance to tell us about a guy she thinks is cute and to show us her hometown newspaper containing an article about her father.

Daddy, she says, is in the military and currently stationed in Iraq. A vehicle he was riding in was shot up by an insurgent's rocket-propelled grenade, "really messing him up," in Dakoda's words. She also mentions that her father was awarded a Bronze Star Medal.

"My mother took off when I was two years old," reminisces Dakoda, who was born on an Army base in Alabama. "Just left me without a word to anyone. My grandmother raised me my whole life. Now this lady claiming to be my mother just e-mailed saying she wants to meet me! Get this: She lives right near Zephyrhills, where I lived! What do I do?"

With the unwanted drama alarm set to howl, we're relieved when a driver arrives to take the wench to her first real video shoot. And on Dakoda's 19th birthday, no less. Alaura reminds her of the pointers she and Taylor had given on video blowjobs: "Spit a lot, give eye contact, don't flinch when the load hits your face." Dakoda nods, flashing a quick smile before grabbing her stuff and heading out to an uncertain future.

LATER, WE'RE SITTING ON THE COUCH, watching an entire season of *Entourage*. Dakoda swears she's paying attention, while she continuously texts cute boys on her phone. I've been drinking, so the sight of a barely legal babe lying half-naked mere inches away makes me a little grabby. Dakoda doesn't mind; in fact, she relishes the attention. "Reverse cowgirl!" I command, once she's mounted me. Dakoda shoots me a blank stare.

"What's reverse cowgirl?" she asks. I explain. "Oh,

Newbie

LOCATION PHOTOS BY SCOTT FAYNER/
NUDE PHOTOS BY MARK LIT
FOR HICKSPHOTO

okay. I mean, I just don't know the terms y'all use for positions, but I've done it before!" One by one I put her through a dry run of the positions she'll be expected to master, as well as telling her what they're called in porn lingo: piledriver, doggy, mish, etc.

"Y'all probably don't know this, but I've only been having sex for about a year," Dakoda abruptly reveals. "Since January [2007], actually. I'm mad, 'cause all during high school I was raising a friend's three children and had no time for normal teenage things like sport fucking. But I sure as shit made up for it once I started! Three, four times a day for months at a time!"

I take Dakoda to a shoot for HUSTLER's **BeaverHunt.com** Web site. She's uneasy. "This is all so new to me," the cutie chirps. "It seems like just yesterday that I was finding out my boyfriend back in Tampa was cheating on me. I wanted to get revenge on him, so I called this guy I met at the strip club I was working at who shoots Internet porn, and I did a blowjob scene for him. And now I'm here! Dang!"

Dang is right. The scene Dakoda does for director Bonnie Clyde starts off at a bus stop. I can tell the guy is making her uncomfortable. He gets overly enthusiastic about the project, then leaves the newbie nymph on Reseda Boulevard so he can videotape driving up to her in his shitty car. A trouper, Dakoda handles the creepy situation like a pro.

Some hours later, Dakoda gets dropped off at my house and is clearly upset. It's not because she'd been abused or violated. It seems her partner's dick was far too immense for her pussy. "Are they all that big?!" Dakoda gasps before inhaling a huge hit of weed.

I instruct her to ask Taylor Rain instead. "Who did you work with today?" the porn vet wants to know. "Jerry?" My houseguest nods. "Oh, he's not *that* big!"

Dakoda, for once, shows signs of fear that her newfound dream may not have a silver-bullet-dildo lining. Thankfully, 19-year-old hotties bounce back quickly from the depths of despair. It's a good thing, too, 'cause tomorrow Dakoda will be shooting a scene for the widely popular fantasy series *Whorelore*.

ANOTHER DAY. Dakoda stands in the hot sun outside Palmdale, California, while Alaura Eden attaches rubber elf ears to the newcomer's head. It's not a typical porn shoot, especially for a rookie, with all the dialogue and mountains of footage needed to pull off the sick special effects of *Whorelore*. But Dakoda makes the best of every situation, especially when horny.

"Is it time for the sex yet?" she purrs. "I see Bianca [Dagger] over there lookin' all yummy and shit, so y'all think I can get me a piece of that sometime soon?"

With two aching young tarts on the set, Dez—*Whorelore*'s mastermind—makes a wise decision. He skips straight to the lesbo sex to capture the boiling passion currently dribbling from their cunts.

LATER IN THE NIGHT, back at my place, Dakoda is still a bouncing ball of hormones. She jumps into Bianca's lap and whispers something into her ear. "You've never what?!" the bodacious Latina screams. "Never had an orgasm?! Are you serious?!"

Without saying another word, Bianca pulls her receptive pal into a room and slams the door. I hear that a lot of finger-banging went down, and Dakoda finally enjoyed her very first climax. History is repeatedly made at the Fayner house.

Later still, the two lovebirds—dripping in sweat—sneak into my room to smoke cigarettes. I'm sure that Dakoda and Bianca want to take turns riding Mr. Johnson, but I only get a rain check from the cockteasers. "Pussy is

all fine and shit," Dakoda coos, "but nothing compares to a dick." As mine gets stiff as a board, she waves a dildo at me and adds, "But not tonight!" Then she scampers off to get fucked by her new bosom buddy. Am I delusional, or is there something wrong with that picture?!

THE NEXT WEEK is relatively uneventful, but Dakoda gets melodramatic after receiving an e-mail from her birth mother back in Zephyrhills. "She said she knew what I do for work and is fine with it," Dakoda tells me. "She even said she's glad to know I'm living her dream. She wants me to fly to Florida right away and have a reunion. I'm tempted to, but I'm still not sure if I could handle that. I mean, she abandoned me when I was just a little baby."

As Dakoda begins living her own dream, Taylor, Alaura and I are there for her, helping guide the fresh fucker through her baby steps in the biz. We tell her who to avoid and who to blow, what to wear and what not to snort. Although my guest's stay is coming to an end, I refuse to let the juicy jezebel leave the nest without giving her the final test: HUSTLER Magazine.

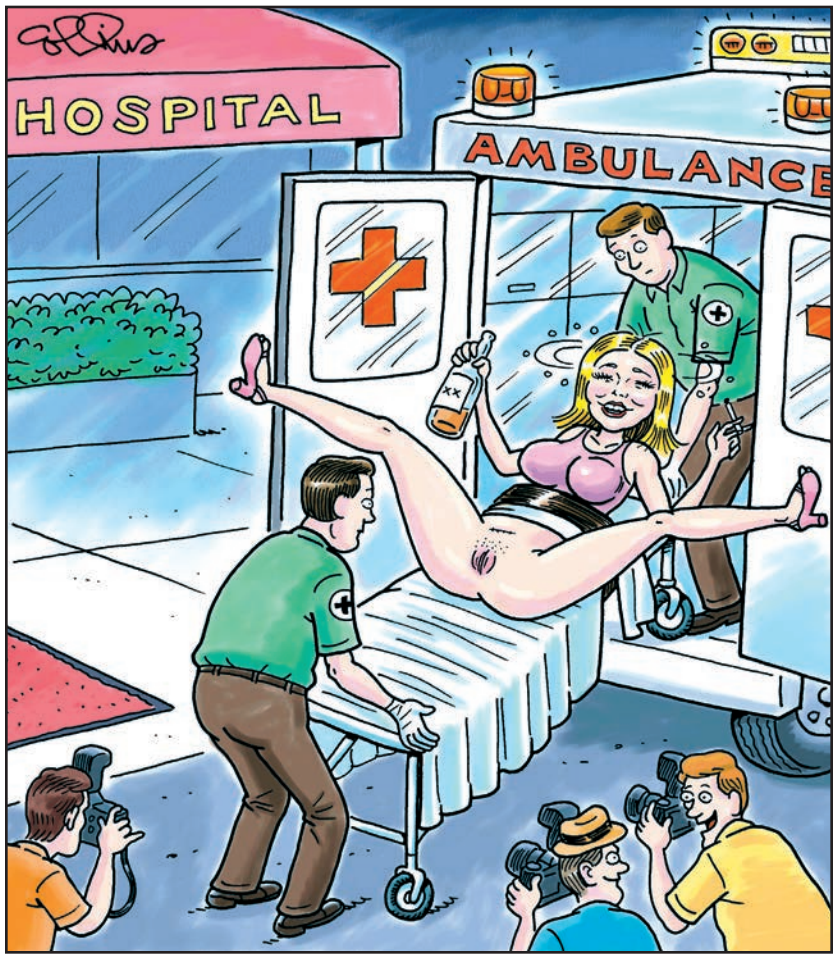
I've introduced quite a few girls to HUSTLER. Some make the grade, and some get brushed off. Either way, I find it to be the ultimate tryout for a new chick to see what she's worth. As I expected, the folks at HUSTLER jumped at the chance to secure Dakoda for her first nude layout.

Two days later we're in the hills outside Malibu for a photo-shoot with Mark Lit. "I was expecting to be working for a bunch of old horny losers," Dakoda tells me in confidence. "You know, like most of the people I've met this month. But these guys are so young and fun!"

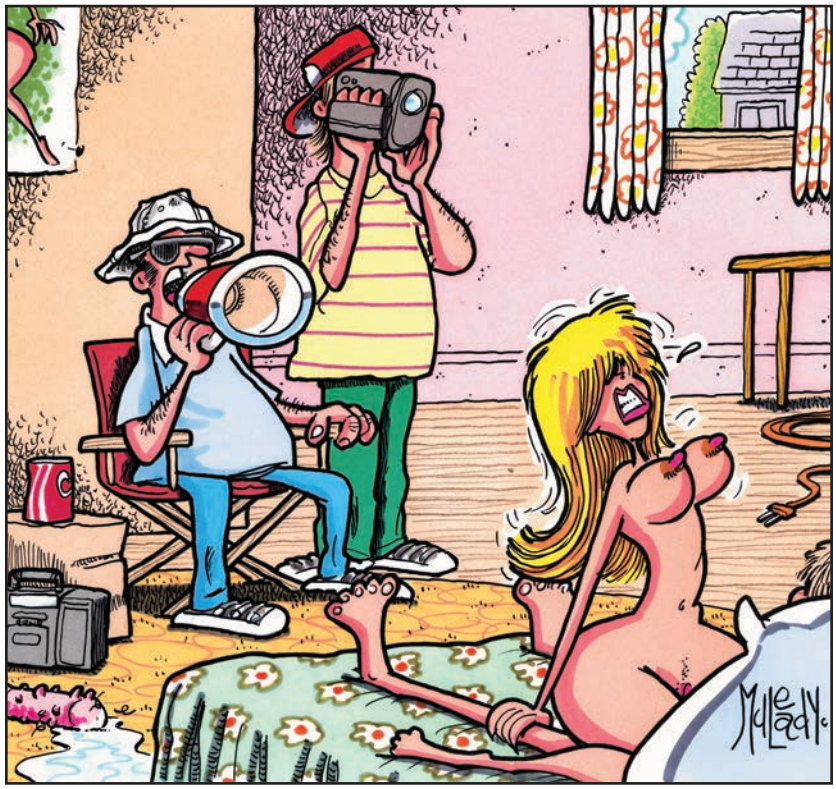
Dakoda's spirit comes out in every shot. She's hitting the poses, keeping the hair from her face, showing just enough pink and acting the part of an established blue-screen whore. To count the number of times Lit smiled would both take a while and probably make me gay.

We hope that once Dakoda settles into the role of a working smut slut, she'll make huge waves in the adult industry. She's got the face, the tight bod and that insatiable drive for sex that's required to soar above the lowly B-list crowd. Does she possess the emotional and physical strength to overcome the inevitable pitfalls of being a porn princess? Only time will tell.

Born and raised in Massachusetts (the state that gave us the Puritans), Scott Fayner is a onetime HUSTLER staffer who's fascinated by the porn biz. So it makes sense that he'd write a movie script about the very industry the keen observer can't seem to escape. Fayner's prolific musings about the skin trade are posted at ***LukeFord.com****.*



"Same ol' Britney!"



"The writers' strike is over, folks. You can now moan and cry out in ecstasy during the fuck scenes!"

JAYME LANGFORD

PLEASE LOVE ME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

Jayme Langford is the perfect girl—beautiful, highly sexual and slightly insecure. "I always want people to love what I do," she says, "but I'm not all that confident. I'm just a country girl from Maine who loves sex. I never dreamt I could make it as a nude model and adult actress, but I'm glad I did. Since guys seem to like what I'm doing, I'll keep at it." A tad self-conscious, the adorable redhead asks, "Do I look okay in the photos?"

Of course, we have to ask what **Jayme** likes while getting it on. "I love to give head," she readily confesses. "When I'm with a guy, I'm really eager to please. I'll do anything to make sure he gets off and is happy. Seeing a guy when he comes always gets me going. I also like playing with girls. They're so soft, and I love the way they smell and taste. Yum!"

What does the future hold for the huggable, porcelain-skinned stunner? “I like being in porn,” **Jayme** tells us, “but I don’t think I'll be doing it all my life. I was a premed student, and maybe someday I’ll go back to college and become a doctor. If not, I may just marry a doctor and stay around the house, having lots of sex and playing piano naked.”

See Jayme Langford catch fire in *Barely Legal #76* and *HUSTLER'S Real College Girls #14* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

JAYME'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Dixmont, Maine
AGE: 19
BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius
HEIGHT: 5-3

MARGARET CHO

Warning: The following Q&A with comedienne Margaret Cho may be the dirtiest and most offensive thing you have ever read in HUSTLER Magazine.

INTERVIEW BY KEITH VALCOURT

Super Freak!

HUSTLER: Is being interviewed by HUSTLER your worst nightmare?

MARGARET CHO: Nah, it's a dream come true. I think it's great because the magazine really stands for free speech, and Larry Flynt is ultimately the icon for the First Amendment. I'm a fan of Mr. Flynt and his whole mission. Although I don't always agree with some of the content, I think HUSTLER is really great. It is outrageous and unafraid to do everything no matter how tasteless or naughty or crude. It's the ultimate!

Will you tell your mom you're in a dirty magazine?

(*Laughs.*) She may be slightly distressed about it.

Would you ever consider posing nude for us?

I would, but I have a superstition about getting my pussy photographed. I don't think you should photograph your pussy. I think it's bad luck. I think it captures the soul of the pussy. I don't think I would spread it necessarily for the magazine. I don't disagree with it. I have no problem taking nude photographs. I've done a lot of nude modeling, burlesque dancing and dancing naked. To me it's not an issue. I'm a little superstitious about my pink.

Truth or rumor: You are bisexual but have an open marriage with a guy?

Sort of true, but I am not in an open marriage. It's a very traditional closed marriage. And I'm not exactly bisexual, because the people that I find the most attractive are transgender people—both transgender women and transgender men. That would actually make me a quatrasexual.

What is the freakiest thing you have ever done?

I was really into leather. There are all these seedy, funny and really great sex clubs in North Hollywood. I used to go there a lot. There were lots of sort of group things. Not for me, because I can only take so many dicks in my mouth. It's like: "One at a time! Please, everybody get in line!"

So you enjoy several dicks, just not all at the same time?

I can't double-barrel. I've tried. I used to think the more people the better, but at this point in my life, one at a time is the best way to go. You can only really fit one dick in at a time if you want good purchase on it. You can't do two at a time.

As an Asian woman, have you ever been the object of "yellow fever"?

Yeah. I think I'm sort of like the ultimate because I'm an Asian woman with big tits. That's rare.

Have you encountered any comedy groupies?

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

The groupie situation is pretty dire. Girls don't really have groupies like that. A lot of the male comics have groupies, and if they don't tell you that, they're lying. Girls love to fuck comics. I do get a lot of women groupies, which is fun, but it's not really the same. When guy comics get girl groupies, the girls are more willing and inviting. When girls are pursuing girls, it's different.

Do you watch porn?

I love old '70s porn, those Mitchell brothers movies like *Femmes de Sade*, Marilyn Chambers in *Behind the Green Door* and Radley Metzger stuff. The girls are so beautiful.

If you were an adult actress, what stage name would you take?

I would probably be like China de Sade or like China Blue. China something.

Are you addicted to being tattooed?

I'm addicted to *getting* them. I started getting them when I was 35. I wanted to be like a Suicide Girl. That was the intention, but I'm so old now, I'm like an Assisted Suicide Girl.

Is there any place you won't get a tattoo?

I don't think so. I'll get them everywhere. Right above my pussy, I have all these flower petals. That's a really painful place to get tattooed. Right above her pussy, my best friend has an atomic symbol, which is a really good thing to have. It's a warning: "Watch out!"

Is there anything you won't joke about?

I don't think so. In fact, I love to push the envelope, just like HUSTLER, and be on the edge of taste. This pissed me off last week. There was a paparazzi photo of Britney Spears with a big period stain on her underwear. I was so offended that somebody would take that kind of picture. I thought it was horrible. I wanted to make it better somehow, so I was trying to be compassionate and say that happens to me all the time.

I have the worst period. My period stains get everywhere. I never move, because my mattress is so blood-stained that if I took the sheet off, people would say, "Omigod, somebody got killed!" It's so disgusting. Everything comes out, like old furniture and books and shoes and coins—plus the occasional NBA championship ring. Shit just comes out. I'm willing to say anything to sort of make Britney's life a little better.

Has Britney Spears become the new Anna Nicole Smith?

I hope not. Britney is a marvelously talented performer, a great kid. I think she has so much in her, but it's tragic, what's going on, and that people are just focused on it, waiting for that Anna Nicole ending.

Anna Nicole was really beautiful. I really loved her. I made out with her once! I went to her Christmas party years and years ago when she was doing her reality show. We were being filmed for her show and doing big shots of Jägermeister off a giant ice sculpture of Anna Nicole's body. She would pour this shot onto her tit—her ice tit—and it would slide down, and you had to suck on her ice vagina to get the shot.

We were at this party, and I was so bored that I just threw her up against the wall and started making out with her. Anna Nicole was a good kisser. Poor thing. She was such a soft creature. She wasn't trashy or wild, really, just a pretty young girl who got messed over.

Are you following the Presidential race?

I am. It's interesting. It was offensive to me that the media made it that if you're a person of color, you have to vote for Barack Obama, or if you're a woman, you have to vote for Hillary [Clinton]. It's weird to me that they don't question who white men are going to vote for, because white men are allowed to figure out what issues are important to them. It's such a weird thing. If you're stupid, then did it mean you voted for [Mike] Huckabee? Well, in that case, probably.

Which candidate would you most like to fuck?

Barack Obama! He's fucking hot! I don't know. (*Pause.*) Hillary is pretty hot too.

What is the proper send-off for George W. Bush?

An early dismissal. I wish he would leave now! It's so bad. The one good thing about Bush is that he has pissed *everybody* off. He made us want to change things. He did away with voter apathy. People are into politics now.

Tell us about your new one-woman comedy show.

It's called *Beautiful*, which is funny because it is probably one of the more unbeautiful shows I've done. It gets pretty seedy. A lot of it is about sex. It's a very filthy, dirty show, so there's lots of things HUSTLER fans might like in it.

What is the dirtiest part of the show?

I talk up eating ass a lot. Eating ass is important. I think people should eat ass. I love to eat a big ass too, because if you can't finish, you just put a bookmark in it and come back later. I love ass. You should eat ass last. Don't eat ass first. Eat it last! It's like an after-dinner mint. Don't wreck it! People get a little bit freaked out by eating ass. I think if you want people to really fall in love with you, you got to eat their ass. That's the only way.

Is there ass-eating etiquette?

No. I just go for it. Why ask?

Have you ever gotten a negative reaction while eating ass?

Never been negative, only 100% positive. Sometimes surprised, like "I wasn't expecting it, but I'm happy that you did it. Thanks!"

Is your ass-eating always reciprocal?

Yeah. It's reciprocated, but people can't do it as well as I can. If I could do my own, that would be the best. But I can't—*yet*. I'm doing Pilates. So maybe someday.

Afterward how do you deal with ass breath?

Well, I don't think it's so bad. The pleasure of it is so great that nobody really complains.

When it comes to sex, have you done it all?

I haven't done double penetration in the ass. I'm really small, so that hasn't happened yet. But I'm always willing to try something new.

"Why must this administration always use scare tactics?!"

SCREEN NAME:

Naughty or Nice?

AGE: 26

STATUS: In a relationship

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 2,599

URL: MySpace.com/The_Messy_Jessi

Hailing from Tollhouse, California, our latest MySpace Girl has kissed her conservative upbringing goodbye by pursuing a career as a nude model. "The wildest shoot I've done so far was with a glass dildo," Tatiana recalls. "That was the first time I'd ever used a toy, and I got so turned on, I actually came!"

Tatiana Moore, who obviously enjoys getting messy—it's her favorite self-descriptive label—adds, "I'm very clitoral, so I never really wanted to try one. It was just so exciting knowing that people would get to see what I was doing. It got me so hot because I wasn't just posing anymore."

Tatiana's MySpace profile denotes "Not Sure" as her sexual orientation, but it may soon change to bi because the 5-foot-9 cyberchick loves to mess around with both genders. "I was in Vegas with another hot model," she confides. "We were dancing all night, and the first time we kissed, I knew I was gonna take her up to my hotel room and taste her all night."

Getting to the nitty-gritty, Tatiana coos, "What I like in girls is their touch, sweet kisses—on *both* set of lips—and their overall sensuality. What I like in men is their smell, their hard cock and the fact that they can sometimes just bend me over and fuck me hard."

Just how naughty is Tatiana? "All of us models were doing a promotion," the seductive beauty reminisces, "and afterward we decided to take the limo and go club-hopping. It was a long ride, and we all started drinking. Before long, one of the girls was dancing and taking off her clothes, so I began dancing with her. As soon as I kissed her, she turned me on so bad that I threw her down on the backseat and pulled her panties to the side. I went down on her and didn't stop until she came all over my face. I turned around, and the other girls wanted a piece too, so we all started to lick each other. By the time the limo stopped, everyone was satisfied. Then we all went into the club, looking very happy."

Now make Tatiana happier still by visiting her on MySpace and telling the hottie you saw her here.

For more of the hottest undiscovered girls of the Web, check out the latest *Best of HUSTLER*, on sale now!

THE GIRLS OF MY S

PHOTOS BY JOSE LUIS

BY JOSH STEICHMANN

SPACE #18: TATIANA

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine or by e-mailing *Hustler@LFP.com.* And we encourage everyone to visit "The Hottest Ladies of MySpace" (MySpace.com/SexMoney2), which features thousands of photogenic female friends.

Adventures at AVN

Babes, boobs and delusions of grandeur in Sin City.

BY K. K. LE ROQUE

IN EARLY JANUARY HUNDREDS OF DRESSED-TO-THE-NINES VIDEO VIXENS and a horde of lookie-loos once again descended on Las Vegas for the *AVN* Adult Entertainment Expo (AEE): the largest porn gathering in the USA. As usual, HUSTLER was a huge presence, with Celeste Star, Nautica Thorn, Holly Wellin and a half-dozen other HUSTLER hotties on hand to meet and greet the masses. One of the biggest draws was our leader, Larry Flynt, who chatted with and signed autographs for the legion of fans who'd waited in line to meet the living legend.

The annual conclave, housed at the cavernous Sands Convention Center, attracts a virtual who's who of the adult industry's top performers, and the 2008 AEE was no exception. Tera Patrick, Jesse Jane, Stormy Daniels, Hillary Scott and Jenna Haze were just a handful of the sexy starlets who mixed and mingled, giving out their prized John Hancocks and posing for snapshots with porn enthusiasts eager to blow a little cash. If you ever want to get up close and personal with the girl (or girls) of your dreams, book a Vegas flight and hotel room now for the January '09 expo.

Porn's new queen is Jesse Jane, who offers a mouthful on page 130.

Hey, Circus Circus is down the Strip a ways!

HUSTLER girls are tasty!

PHOTO BY HENBURNEY.COM

PHOTO BY K. K. LE ROQUE

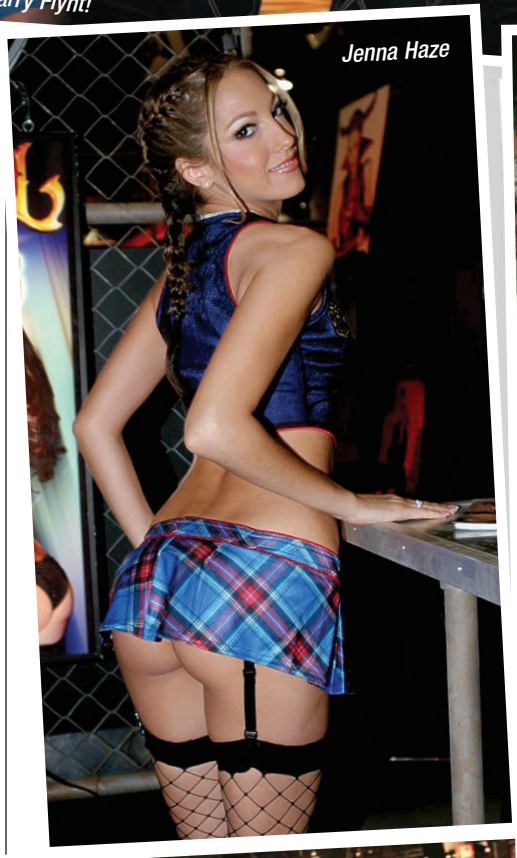
Pick a head at the Real Doll booth.

PHOTOS BY THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

PHOTO BY HENBURNEY.COM

The ladies love Larry Flynt!

Jayme Langford, Tera Patrick & Teri Weigel


Jenna Haze

Bigger is better

Lanny Barby

Naughty Nautica Thorn

PHOTO BY HENBURNEY.COM

The heroines of **The Four**, Ninn Worx's upcoming epic (see page 134).

On the Red Carpet

Jenna Jameson blows.

Brea Bennett

Jana Jordan

Renee Perez

Nikki Kane

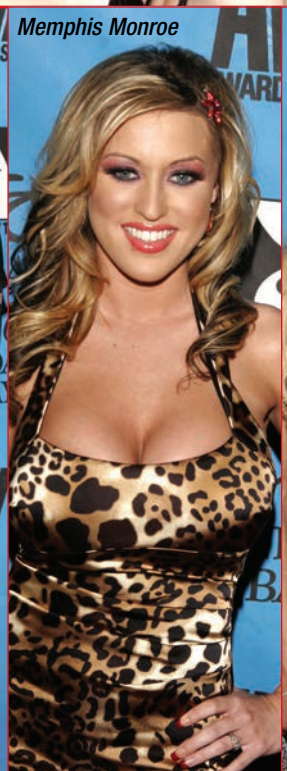
Sophia Rossi & Chanel St. James

Bleached and beautiful

Aussie eye candy from AbbyWinters.com

Dave Navarro, Tera Patrick & Evan Seinfeld (Tera's hubby)

A "sheer" pleasure


Memphis Monroe

Gina Lynn

Stormy Daniels & Sirius Satellite Radio's Bubba the Love Sponge

And the Winner Is...

THE HIGHLIGHT of the four-day trade show/fan lovefest is the lavishly produced *AVN* Awards show. Now broadcast on Showtime, the top-notch gala traditionally features dozens of honorees thanking everyone from their moms to God for awards like "Best Anal Sex Scene" and "Best Squirting Release." The master of ceremonies for the 2008 extravaganza was comedian Greg Fitzsimmons, a Howard Stern regular. However, it was Jenna Jameson—a Stern fave and the woman who defines the industry standard—who provided the shocker of the evening. The once-voluptuous superstar—now looking skinny, frail and downright odd—took the podium and announced that she is officially retiring as a skin-biz performer. Arguably the biggest crossover sensation in the history of XXX cinema, Jameson plans to keep active behind the scenes.

Here is a partial list of this year's major winners. For the full list go to ***AVNAwards.com****:*

Best Film—*Layout*
Best Video—*Upload*
Female Performer of the Year—Sasha Grey
Best Actress, Film—Penny Flame, *Layout*
Best Actress, Video—Eva Angelina, *Upload*
Best Supporting Actress, Film—Kylie Ireland, *Layout*
Best Supporting Actress, Video—Hillary Scott, *Upload*
Best New Starlet—Bree Olson
Director of the Year (Body of Work)—Jules Jordan
Best Couples Sex Scene—Jenna Haze & Manuel Ferrara, *Evil Anal 2*
Best Anal Sex Scene—Chelsie Rae & Tyler Knight, *The Craving*
Best Vignette Series—*Barely Legal School Girls* (HUSTLER Video)
Best Sex Comedy—*Operation: Desert Stormy*
Best Gonzo Release—*Brianna Love Is Buttwoman*
Best All-Girl Release—*Girlvana 3*
Best MILF Series—*Momma Knows Best*
Best Squirting Series—*Jada Fire Is Squirtwoman*
Best DVD Menus—*Not the Bradys XXX* (LFP Video/X-Play)

Award-show host Greg Fitzsimmons & Tera Patrick

Belladonna: Best Director, Non-Feature ***(Belladonna: Manhandled #2)***

Joanna Angel: Best Specialty Release ***(Cum on My Tattoo #3)***

Sasha Grey: Female Performer of the Year

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

SANDY SUMMERS & REBECA LINARES

CATFIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

Everybody loves a good catfight, when two hot chicks square off in a battle filled with scratching, hair-pulling and—hopefully—the eventual ripping off of the combatants' clothes. Catfighters rarely throw punches, and those who trade heated verbal barbs are considered "catty." Of course, the most entertaining bouts offer expectations of down-and-dirty lesbianism.

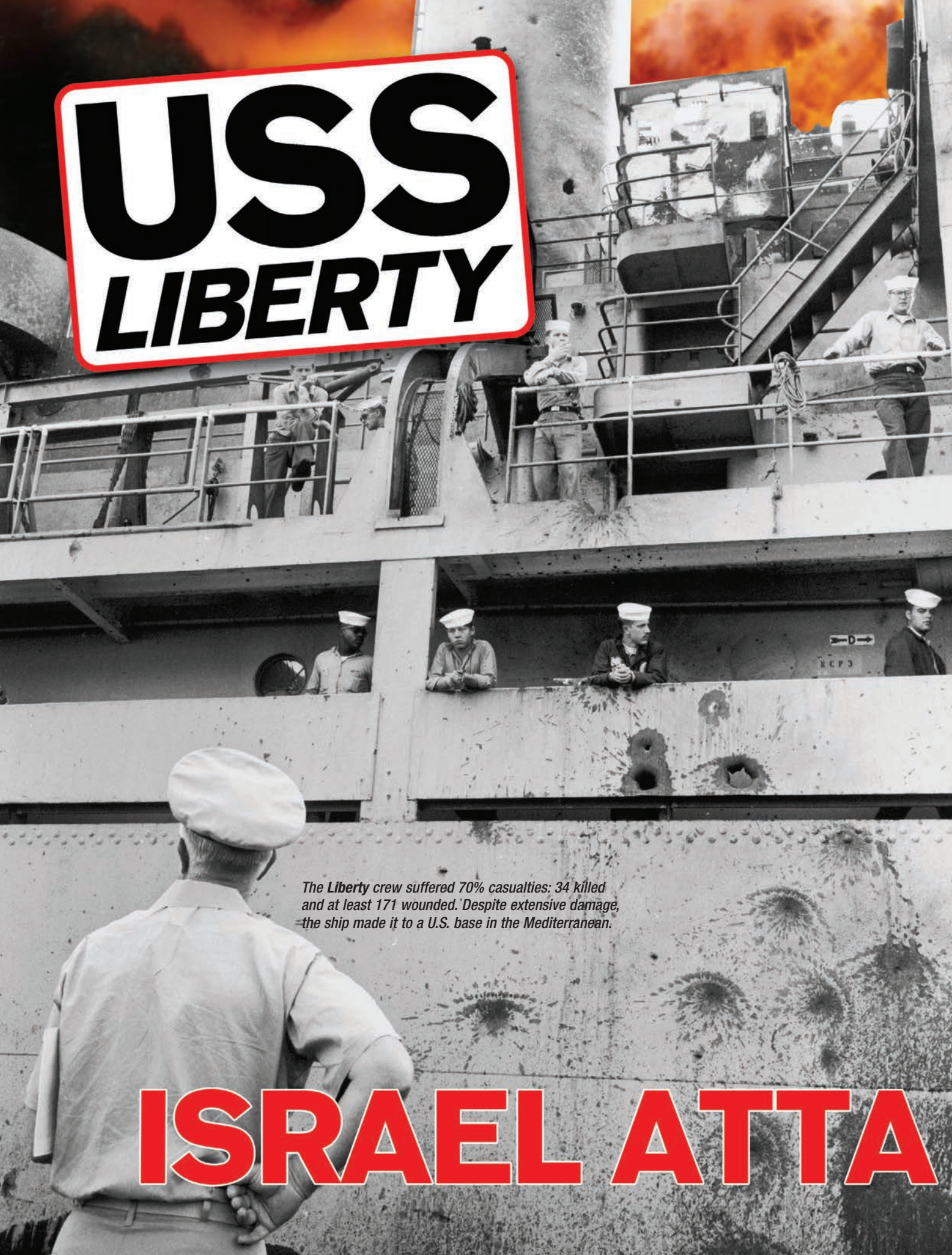
Compared to boxing and martial arts, catfighting isn't a terribly violent sport. A dogfight is something completely different. It usually involves two warplanes trying to blow each other out of the sky. That is not hot.

Catfighting's ever-growing allure can be indirectly attributed to the popularity of such cultural phenomena as 1970s women-in-prison films, Roller Derby, *The Jerry Springer Show* and professional wrestling. Foxy Boxing is a staged form of catfighting that usually takes place in strip clubs. The participants don ridiculous, oversized boxing gloves and not much else.

Remember, every man's dream is to witness a cat-fight during which two babes tangle over him and then end up having sex. Here at HUSTLER we make dreams come true.

See lascivious **Rebeca Linares** (our brunet catfighter) "sparring" in *Cum Swallowers #4*; *Anally Yours, Love Rebeca Linares*; *Gaped Crusaders #2*; and *18 & Easy #4* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

USS LIBERTY



*The **Liberty** crew suffered 70% casualties: 34 killed and at least 171 wounded. Despite extensive damage, the ship made it to a U.S. base in the Mediterranean.*

ISRAEL ATTA

INSIDERS AND ANGRY SURVIVORS SPEAK OUT ON THE DEADLY ASSAULT ON A U.S. NAVAL VESSEL.

BY PAUL CRAIG ROBERTS

JUNE 8, 1967. On the fourth day of the Six Day War between Israel and Egypt, Syria and Jordan, the USS *Liberty* was positioned in international waters off the coast of Egypt. Israeli aircraft had flown over the vessel in the morning and had reported that it was American.

In close proximity to the war zone, the *Liberty*'s crew was reassured by the presence of Israeli aircraft. But at 2:00 p.m., sailors sunbathing on the deck saw fighter jets approaching in attack formation. Red flashes from the wings of the fighters were followed by explosions, blood and death. A beautiful afternoon in the eastern Mediterranean suddenly became a nightmare. Who was attacking the *Liberty* and why?

The attack on the *Liberty* was an attack on the United States of America. The *Liberty* was an intelligence ship. Its purpose was to monitor Soviet and Arab communications in order to warn both Tel Aviv and Washington should the Soviets enter the war on behalf of their Arab allies. The *Liberty* was armed only with four machine guns to repel boarders. Its request for a destroyer escort had been denied.

The assault on the *Liberty* is well documented. With no warning, the *Liberty* was attacked by successive waves of unmarked jets deploying cannons, rockets and napalm. The attacking jets jammed all of the U.S. communications frequencies, an indication they knew the *Liberty* was American.

The air assault failed to sink the ship. About 30 minutes into the attack, three torpedo boats appeared. Flying the Star of David, the vessels were not on a rescue mission. They proceeded to attack the *Liberty* with cannons, machine guns and torpedoes. One torpedo struck the *Liberty* midship, instantly killing 25 Americans while flooding the lower decks. The Israeli torpedo boats later struck the life rafts the *Liberty* crew had launched when preparing to abandon ship, sending the message that there would be no survivors.

At approximately 3:15 two French-built Israeli helicopters carrying armed troops appeared over the *Liberty*. Phil Tourney could see their faces only 50 to 60 feet away. He gave them the finger. Surviving crew members are convinced the Israelis were sent to board and kill all survivors.

The Israeli jets destroyed the *Liberty*'s communication antennas. While under attack, crew members strung lines that permitted the ship to send a call for help. Once notified, the Sixth Fleet commander ordered the carriers USS *America* and USS *Saratoga* to launch fighters to drive off or destroy the attackers. The unencrypted order was picked up by Israel, which immediately called off its attack. The torpedo boats and the hovering helicopters sped away. Tel Aviv quickly notified Washington that it had mistakenly attacked an American intelligence ship, and the U.S. fighters were recalled. However, a subsequent rescue mission was aborted by direct orders from Washington.

The USS *Liberty* suffered 70% casualties, with 34 killed and at least 171 wounded. Although the expensive, then-state-of-the-art vessel was kept afloat by the heroic crew, it later proved unsalvageable and was sold as scrap.

*Israeli planes and torpedo boats fired on the **Liberty** for more than an hour. Note the multitude of hits to the ship's armor.*

Why Didn't Help Come? No explanation has ever been given by the U.S. government for Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and President Lyndon B. Johnson's orders for the Sixth Fleet to abort a rescue mission. Lieutenant Commander David Lewis of the *Liberty* told colleagues that Admiral L.R. Geis, commander of the Sixth Fleet carrier force, informed him that when he challenged McNamara's order to recall the rescue mission, LBJ came on the line and said he didn't care if the ship sank; he wasn't going to embarrass an ally. The communications officer handling the transmission has given the same account.

Dead in the Water—a 2002 BBC documentary on the Israeli raid—reported that confusion about the attacker's identity almost

CKS AMERICA

resulted in a U.S. assault on Egypt. Richard Parker, at the time this country's political counselor in Cairo, confirmed in the documentary that he received official communication that an American retaliatory attack on Egypt was imminent.

The U.S. government's official position on the USS *Liberty* corresponds with Israel's: The attack was unintentional and a result of Israeli blunders. This is the official position despite the fact that Lyndon B. Johnson's CIA Director Richard Helms, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Assistant Secretary of State Lucius Battle and a long list of Naval officers, government officials and *Liberty* survivors are on record saying the Israeli attack was intentional.

According to Helms, Battle and the minutes of a White House meeting, Johnson believed the attack was intentional. Helms says LBJ was furious and complained when the *New York Times* buried the story on page 29, but that the President finally decided he had to publicly accept Israel's explanation. "The political pressure was too much," Helms said.

U.S. communications personnel, intelligence analysts and ambassadors all report having read U.S. intercepts of Israeli orders to attack the *Liberty*. In one intercept an Israeli pilot reports that the *Liberty* is an American ship and asks for a repeat and clarification of his orders to attack an American ship.

An Israeli who identified himself as one of the pilots involved later came to America and met with U.S. Representative Pete McCloskey and *Liberty* survivors. The airman said he had refused to participate in the attack when he saw that the target was an American ship. He was arrested upon returning to base.

The *Liberty* flew the Stars and Stripes. The ship's pendant number, GTR-5, measured several feet in height on both sides of the bow. On the stern the name of the vessel was clearly denoted in large letters of the Latin alphabet. Mistaking the *Liberty* for an Egyptian ship, as Israel claims to have done, was impossible.

Tattered Flags Show Ferocity of the Attacks: The Israelis claim the *Liberty* flew no flag, but two U.S. flags full of holes from the attack exist. When the first was shot down, crewmen replaced it. Measuring 13 feet across, this flag—bearing battle scars—is on display at the NSA's National Cryptologic Museum in Fort Mead, Maryland.

Admiral John S. McCain Jr., the father of the current U.S. senator, ordered Admiral Isaac C. Kidd and Captain Ward Boston to hold a court of inquiry and to complete the investigation in only *one week*. In a signed affidavit, Captain Boston said President Johnson ordered a coverup and that he and Admiral Kidd were prevented from doing a real investigation. *Liberty* survivors were ordered never to speak to anyone about the incident. Their silence was finally broken in 1980 when Random House published Lieutenant Commander James Ennes Jr.'s book *Assault on the Liberty*.

It is now established fact that the attack on the *Liberty* was intentional and was covered up by President Johnson and every administration since. There has never been a Congressional investigation, nor have the majority of survivors ever officially testified. Moreover, testimony that conflicted with the coverup was deleted from the official record.

Disgusted by the U.S. government's official stance discounting the survivors' reports, Admiral Thomas Moorer—retired Chief of Naval Operations and Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—organized and headed a commission to make public the known facts about the attack and coverup. The Moorer Commission also included Admiral Merlin Staring (former Judge Advocate General of the U.S. Navy), Marine Corps General Raymond G. Davis and James Akins (onetime U.S. Ambassador to Saudi Arabia).

The commission's October 22, 2003, report concluded: "That there is compelling evidence that Israel's attack was a deliberate attempt to destroy an American ship and kill her entire crew.

"That fearing conflict with Israel, the White House deliberately prevented the U.S. Navy from coming to the defense of USS *Liberty* by recalling Sixth Fleet military rescue support while the ship was under attack.

"[That] surviving crew members were later threatened with 'court-martial, imprisonment or worse' if they exposed the truth; and [the survivors] were abandoned by their own government.

"That there has been an official coverup without precedent in American naval history.

"That a danger to our national security exists whenever our elected officials are willing to subordinate American interests to those of any foreign nation."

Why did Israel attack the *Liberty*? Was something supersecret going on that is so damaging, it must be protected at all cost? Some experts believe Tel Aviv decided to sink the *Liberty* because the ship's surveillance capability would discover Israel's impending invasion and capture of Syria's Golan Heights, an action opposed by Washington.

Others believe Israel was *(continued on page 112)*

"Dear Lord, help us today to play our best and kick those cocksuckers' fucking butts all over the goddamn field! Amen."

"Now there's the beauty of living in this country. If you wanna throw your pathetic life away, nobody is gonna stop you."

Gina King's

Fantasy Queens

PORN STAR TAYLOR WANE is transformed into an angel of improbable proportions. Tucked into an impossible corset, Dita Von Teese becomes the sexiest organ grinder imaginable. Bondage queen Bianca Beauchamp doubles as a bursting pinstriped gangster and a frankenrubber latex seductress. Who has created these breathtaking exotic portraits? Gina King.

Although both of her grandmothers were artists who offered encouragement, King considers herself self-taught. As a teenager in Indiana, she began knocking out riffs on her favorite comic book characters. "I was drawing just for fun," King recalls, "not working for the comic book companies or anything. Then as I progressed, my drawing style changed."

Inspired by the fantasy creations of Boris Vallejo, Simon Bisley and Olivia, she concentrated on the female form, and "everybody started losing their clothes after a while."

Disappointed at what she considered the poor quality of erotic art sold on the Internet, King decided to put her own masterpieces online. Since turning pro, she has also had her works published in HUSTLER (Holiday '07), *Marquis*, *Heavy Metal*, *Jade* and *Club International*.

Rather than painting with watercolors, King prefers acrylics, which provide vibrant, emphatic hues and a glossy veneer. But the artist's impatience also drew her to the medium. Acrylic paint dries quickly, but she also came to love how dried acrylic mimics the "feel" of latex fetishwear on her alluring subjects. "The texture makes the girls a bit bolder and kinkier than a traditional pinup girl," King explains.

Now residing in Indianapolis, King has exhibited her work at galleries in Detroit, Chicago and Atlanta, as well as at Glamourcon events, the annual San Diego Comic-Con and various sci-fi gatherings. Her latex-clad personal appearances always turn the heads of wide-eyed fanboys, but the thirtyish blonde doesn't classify herself as a true pinup girl.

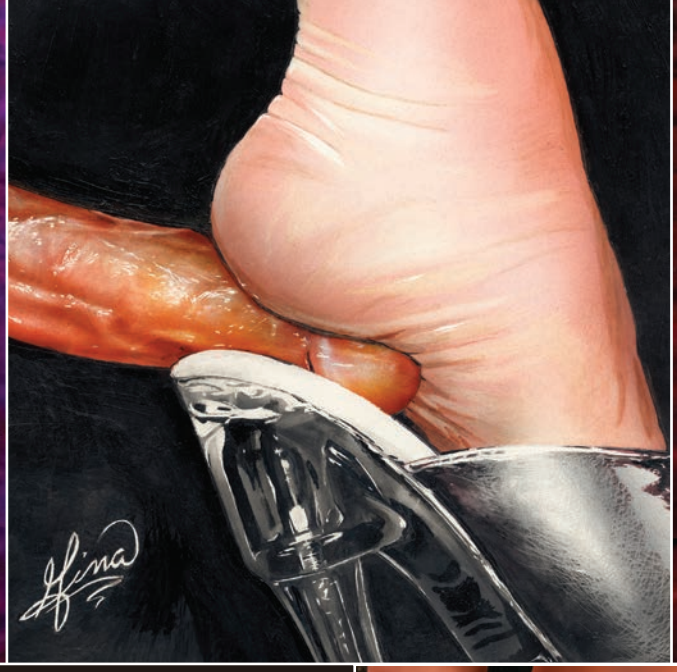
"A pinup girl is supposed to be fictional," King insists. "Pinup art is about the 'fantasy' girl and her perfect body, perfect hair, perfect smile and perfect outfit—or lack of outfit."

Meanwhile, King's knack for rendering amazing fantasy fetish images led to a side project. Exploring three-dimensional variations, she teamed with Polymorphe—a leading purveyor of latex apparel—to craft a body-clinging dress based on her painting "Peppermint Tricks."

"There's a fashion design side to [pinups], creating outfits that don't exist, that could never stay on a human body," King proclaims. "I like making the impossible real—and *tight!*"

For a gallery, or to purchase any of Gina King's provocative art, visit **ByGina.com**.

BY JOSH STEICHMANN



PUSSY

(continued from page 41) make us believe it?

THE CORPORATE CONFEDERACY

In our cold civil war the enemy is not a part of the country called the "red states," as conveniently manufactured. Nor is the enemy a phantom right-wing "wing nut" or left-wing "liberal loony" (although there are some people who fall very much under those definitions). On the whole, however, there are simply not enough delusional and/or corrupt Americans to fill the manufactured stereotypes, even if the label is color-coded for political fear tactics.

The image of a divided nation at war with itself is a false one, as false as the general War on Terror. But who is it trying so hard to divide this nation—and for what reason?

So long as we are standing face to face and not shoulder to shoulder, who benefits? Those same corporations and their lackeys masquerading in the garb of government. They need to distract us, divide us, spend billions of dollars trying to convince us of what we need, what we hate, what we love, who is evil, who is good and everything in between.

These authoritarians—more appropriately, fascists—understand that dissent must be treated like a virus, because the spread of individual opinions might collapse a whole industry. The more you know, the more you question; the more you question, the more you infect others; and the more people asking questions, the more we become a nation that cannot be ruled or bullied. We are far too many, and if we are left to think for ourselves, we might not like what we find.

Therefore, we must be entertained, distracted, confused, frightened—anything but allowed to think for ourselves or express those views to one another. We outnumber them and frighten them because if we stand together, *they* cannot stand for long.

FORCING THE PRESIDENT TO ANSWER

This brings me to **MoveOn.org**'s "General Petraeus—or General Betray Us?" advertisement, not so much for the ad itself (which I found petty because of its title). The ad has become almost irrelevant to the aftermath and the series of events that followed.

Remember, the majority of the American public—regardless of age, religion and political leanings—is opposed to the war in Iraq. MoveOn represents a mere 3.2 million Americans out of this majority, but still a large delegation expressing a very mainstream and popular view. So what happened? What was the real issue that no one noticed or actually verbalized, but felt almost instantaneously? We all felt it. I felt it. You felt it.

One of the major accomplishments of the MoveOn ad was prompting a President who claims not to care about poll numbers—and hence the opinion of the public he claims to represent—to respond to the gauntlet that was thrown down. Imagine this: The President of the United States had to answer 3.2 million Americans *because they'd placed an advertisement in a newspaper*. One newspaper ad is all it took for the most arrogant and misanthropic failure of a President in U.S. history to be forced to stand up on national television and face the public. That is fairly miraculous in my humble opinion, and had the public known that this would work earlier, they would likely have filled every newspaper with a constant assortment of demands. That alone would be a victory, but MoveOn's challenge was one of many victories that came, in quick succession, one after the other.

When the President denounced the Petraeus ad, calling it "disgusting," he also denounced the opinion of most Americans and, without meaning to, actually united the public. He energized us against both him and the corporate-political junta he represents. We all felt energized by the arrogance of a leader who would so insult his own constituents.

FORCING THE CORPORATE CONFEDERACY INTO A DEFENSIVE POSTURE

The President and his corporate owners were downright terrified—enough to actually condemn the majority of Americans, including active duty members of the military—in the public circus of a formal Senate rebuke.

Think about this for a moment. Here is a Congress that cannot or simply will not do what it has been elected to do. We do not want a law passed, and it passes it. We want to redress our grievances, and it ignores us. Congress was able to muster up enough energy and numbers to unite in a collective rebuke of us because of an advertisement?

What would happen if Americans not only could be heard above the din of corporate lobbyists and opinion makers, but were also able to directly invalidate the carefully produced message telling us who we are, what we like, what we hate, what we want, what we need and everything in between? Do you see the danger in this for those who spend billions a year on "public relations," "advertising" and "image-making" in order to fool us into thinking that we do not agree with each other and that therefore cannot be united?

The public demand for redress was swift and unexpected, it blindsided the state mechanism, and it delivered a direct hit using nothing but a slogan, a picture and facts.

The image of a divided nation at war with itself is a false one. … But who is it trying so hard to divide this nation—and for what reason?

THOSE WHO BETRAYED US IDENTIFY THEMSELVES

But there is one more reason why this was something of a historic moment. It exposed those in government as representatives of someone or something other than the American people. Consider that the majority of the public shares the sentiment of MoveOn's ad—not the petty title, but its content. The majority of the public that shares this opinion is also the majority of the voting public to whom these politicians in office are beholden, right?

Yet the President held full court to denounce the public. The Senate Republicans and 22 Democrats held full court to rebuke the public. The paid propagandists ran out with pen in hand to reprimand the public. TV screens were filled from channel to channel by mobilized shills condemning the public. Meanwhile, a corporate-owned "grassroots" organization called Freedom's Watch wasted no time in creating and distributing its own ad vilifying the public. Does this not strike anyone as strange?

If the majority of the public shares an anti-Bush, antiwar sentiment, then who are all these politicians and media mouthpieces defending? What is behind this highly organized, well-funded condemnation of the American public? The only conclusion that can be reached is that those who voted to rebuke the American people do not represent them at all. It is that simple. Whomever the elected officials in office are beholden to, it is most certainly not the public.

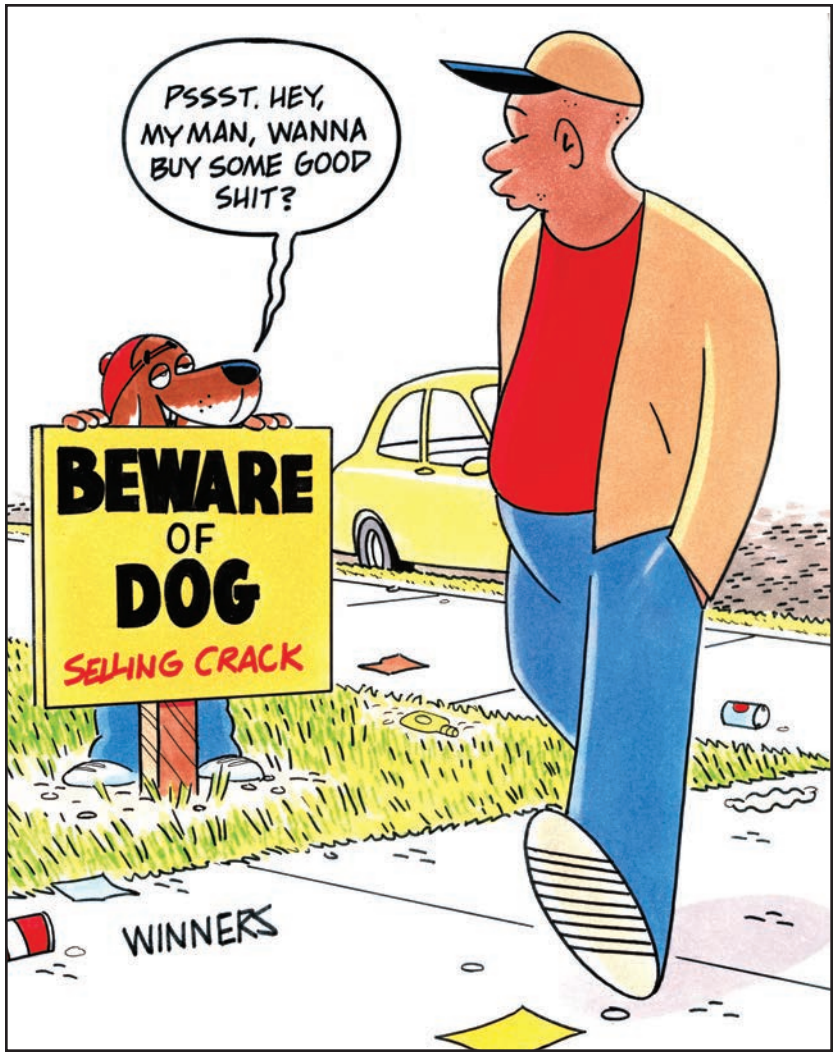
FOR THE STILL-DELUDED AMONG YOU...

For those of you "conservatives" still imagining yourselves to be the "base," and somehow represented by this President and his cronies, I have news for you: You are not in that club either.

The majority of us know that we are no longer represented by those in elected office. What we did not know until the Senate resolution to rebuke the MoveOn ad is exactly which of our elected public officials were "with us" and which were most decidedly "with the President."

On that point, there is no longer any doubt. Every elected official who voted for condemning roughly 3.2 million Americans for something so fundamentally protected by the Constitution as the freedom to disagree with the President does not represent us. Whomever they represent, it is not us. In the cold civil war in which we are now all fighting to free ourselves from the corporate confederacy, the MoveOn ad was the first direct hit against a monolithic machine that was once thought impervious.

Larisa Alexandrovna, managing editor of investigative news for **RawStory.com**, regularly reports on intelligence and national security matters.



AVA ROSE

GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME SEX!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

Blessed with good looks and boundless energy, **Ava Rose** can now justly call herself a big star. "Has it really been almost two years?" chirps our alluring centerfold, who made a low-key HUSTLER debut as an April '06 *Beaver Hunt* flasher. "Wow! Time sure flies when you're having fun—especially when you're fucking!" And doing it virtually around the clock. "I never really think about how many scenes I've done so far," the vivacious vamp remarks, "because I love sex so much. The fact that it's on film only makes it hotter."

Ava admits that she sometimes gets a bit competitive with a fellow porn star, namely her younger sister. “Mia and I often want to screw the same guys,” Ava reveals. “I usually get them first because I’m more aggressive. That doesn’t mean I won’t share. We’ve been known to double-team dudes on film and off.” (As a matter of fact, the ravenous Rose siblings took on a lucky stiff in a Holiday ’06 HUSTLER layout.)

What does **Ava** think about the 2008 Presidential race? "I don't consider myself that political," she replies, "but this election is really interesting. I'm gonna vote for whomever can get the troops home quickest. American guys don't need to be over there. They need to be back in the USA, watching my movies and maybe fucking me!"

AVA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Sutton, Alaska
AGE: 21
BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius
HEIGHT: 5-6

See **Ava Rose** bloom in *Barely Legal #60*, *Ass Appeal #4* and *Larry Flynt's Private Collection #9* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

Little Johnny was walking his feisty mutt when an elderly lady approached. "What's your doggy's name, little boy?" she asked.

"Porky," the tyke grunted.

"Do you call him Porky because he's short, cute and fat with a little curly tail?" the biddy wondered.

"No, ma'am," Johnny muttered as his pooch sniffed the old broad's feet. "I call him Porky because he likes to fuck pigs!"

An Amish farmer walking through his cornfield noticed a stranger drinking from a pond with his right hand. Mortified, the farmer shouted, "*Trinken Sie das Wasser nicht! Die Kühen haben darein geschissen!*" Or, translated into English: "Don't drink the water! The cows shit in it!"

The thirsty fellow shouted back, "I am a Muslim, and I don't understand! Please speak in English!"

The Amish farmer smiled and roared, "Use both hands! You'll get more!"

A cat walking along the top of a fence fell into a backyard hot tub. Watching the whole time was a rooster, which began to laugh its ass off. Moral of the story: A warm, wet pussy makes a cock feel good.

Traipsing through the jungle, a cannibal came upon a restaurant operated by a fellow man-eater. Eager for a tasty meal, he sat down and looked over the menu's entrees. "Tourist: $5; Broiled Missionary: $10; Fried Explorer: $15; and Baked Democrat or Grilled Republican: $100." The cannibal called the waiter over and asked, "Why such a steep price for the politicians?"

The waiter replied, "Have you ever tried to clean one, my friend? They're so full of shit, it takes all morning!"

A guy wanders into a bar and immediately shouts, "All attorneys are assholes!"

Bill O'Reilly is in the joint. He takes offense at the remark and yells, "Shut your mouth, you sonofabitch!"

The loudmouth asks, "Excuse me, sir. Are you an attorney?"

"No," O'Reilly replies. "I'm an asshole!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *electile dysfunction* as: the inability to become aroused by any of the choices for President put forth by either major party in '08.

The interviewer asked Tony, who was applying for a job with the Postal Service, if he'd ever been in the military. "Hell, yeah!" Tony exclaimed. "I was even in Iraq for a while!"

"That's good," the interviewer told him. "It'll give you extra points toward employment. Are you disabled in any way?"

"Fuckin' A!" Tony howled. "A grenade exploded near me and blew my nuts clean off!"

"Gee, I can hire you right now then," the interviewer announced. "The hours are from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. You can start tomorrow at 10 a.m. sharp."

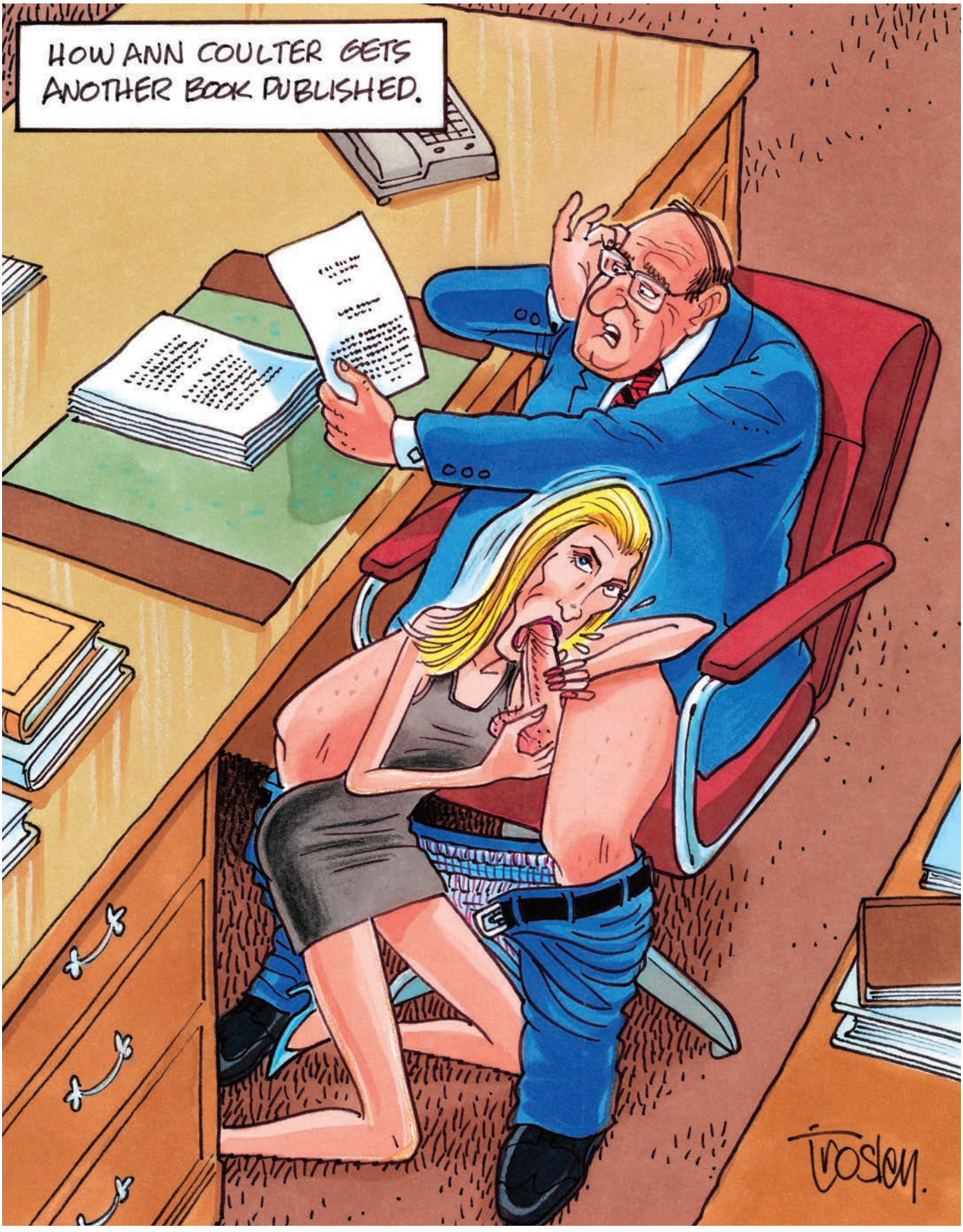
Puzzled, Tony asked, "If the hours are from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., why don't I have to show up until 10 a.m.?"

"This is a government job," the interviewer explained. "For the first two hours, we just stand around scratching our balls. No point in you coming in for that!"

GRAFFILTHY

Thanks and $50 go to Bob M.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.* If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"Oh, more of your idiotic political observations. *Squeeze my balls a little more!* We may have saturated the market. *Yeah, that's good! Suck out that cum!* Aw, hell. Okay, we'll publish it!"

MARRIED TO THE MOB

A fearless, pioneering smut publisher recounts his dealings with some shady—and very beneficial—underworld characters.

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

ON A DARK WINTER NIGHT IN 1968 I got a mysterious phone call from the notorious Gallo crew. They wanted to talk to me and my partner Jim Buckley about distributing *Screw Magazine*, a raunchy newspaper that we had started eight months prior. I was a Jew from Brooklyn who always admired the Mob. I liked the way they dressed. I liked how they stood up to authority. I liked how they flouted the law and did whatever they pleased. I could relate to these guys.

When I started *Screw*, there was nothing else like it on the newsstands—an honest newspaper about sex. We showed insertions, erections and pubic hair. We reviewed sex toys and gay films. A lot of things we published were illegal back then, and anyone caught selling *Screw* risked jail time.

It took only two weeks to put the first issue together, but seven months to get it on the newsstands. No one would touch it. I decided to ride around New York City on my bicycle and stop by every newsstand I could find. Ninety percent of the newsdealers I went to yelled at me. They called me "filth" and "a horror." One said, "You should be ashamed of yourself!"

The first newsstand that took *Screw* was on 53rd and Third. In three weeks they sold 500 copies, an unheard of figure at the time. The second newsdealer was on Wall Street, and it almost caused a riot because of all the stock traders clamoring to buy it. I knew if I could just get the newspaper out to more places, we would have a hit. I knew the Mafia would be useful in that regard.

Jim was scared shitless of Gallo's gang. He thought they were going to kill us, but I saw an opportunity. They were in the newspapers every week because a gang war was going on at the time. I was excited. These guys were celebrities to me.

The goombahs picked Jim and me up in a black Cadillac limo, sitting us beside Al "Kid Blast" Gallo—the brother of Joe Gallo. He told me

PHOTOS COURTESY AL GOLDSTEIN

I had to clean *Screw* up. It was too raunchy and antiauthority.

"*Screw* is too hard on the church," Gallo said. When I heard this, I went ballistic. I started calling him a faggot and yelled that his whole family is ball-less. The Mafia guys were in shock. Nobody ever talked to the Mob like this, and here was this scrawny, flaccid Jew calling them faggots.

There was complete silence and then, just like in the movies, they started laughing. I explained that issue 1 of *Screw* sold so well because there was nothing else like it. I told Gallo that his ideas would gut and castrate the paper. It would destroy the reason people wanted to buy it. They were criminals and murderers, but I knew I could ignore their suggestions because they didn't know publishing. Standing up to the Mob didn't scare me;

Restaurateur Sammy Gonzo
Al's secretary, Bobbi Harrison
Teddy Rothstein, Robert DiBernardo's business partner.
Bottom row: Marty Balin, Screw's first printer, and Mrs. Balin; a dapper "collections" wiseguy; buddy Arthur Morowitz and his wife. Opposite page: Al Goldstein squares off with Rick DeMatteo.
EXIT

it excited me.

Gallo told me that if I wanted to live, they would distribute *Screw*. There was no decision to make. It was either yes, or they would have to kill us. Jim was in such mortal fear that he couldn't talk. I said yes because I was afraid they would change their minds and decide not to distribute *Screw*.

Gallo went on to tell me that I had to deal with Rick DeMatteo, who had eight bullets lodged throughout his body. The guy had trouble talking because one of them was in his mouth. But I understood what he was saying even though he spoke like a retard.

Rick laid out the financial deal: They wanted a dime of the 25 cents newsstand price. So for issue 2 we raised the cover price of *Screw* from 25 to 35 cents a copy. They got a dime, we got a dime and the newsstand got 15 cents. This was fine with me because I felt *Screw* would make most of its money from advertising anyway, and now it would get out to more people.

We shook hands, and that was that. No contract, no lawyers, no bullshit. I was happy to have a distributor that would not be afraid of the cops and that would get the paper out. It was a match made in heaven. As the price of *Screw* went up over the years, we kept the same percentage.

Rick handled my New York City distribution. This was where I was most popular and sold the most copies of *Screw*. Rick, or his son Frankie or his wife Dee, would show up at my office once a week with an envelope flush with cash, my take from newsstand sales. They always paid me my fair share and got the paper out as best they could. I became very friendly with Rick and his family. My wife and I would go over to their house in Mill Basin on the weekends for barbecues. It was surprisingly pleasant.

THE MAFIA WAS FILLED with contradictions. They were conservatives who supported Richard Nixon. They thought I was a beatnik who shouldn't be allowed to publish. Yet they distributed me anyway.

Under the influence of the Mob, I started publishing *Mobster Times*, which ran stories about legendary gangsters. Joey Gallo was my film reviewer—until he was gunned down at Umberto's Clam Bar.

Rick put me in touch with a guy named Robert DiBernardo (a/k/a DiB or DeeBee) who could handle my national distribution. He got me into porno shops all over the country.

DiB was a very suave, articulate gangster who ended up getting whacked by a hitman of Salvatore "Sammy the Bull" Gravano because John Gotti saw DiB as a threat to the throne, according to my information. I understood why: He was very smart and thoughtful and would have made a great crime boss.

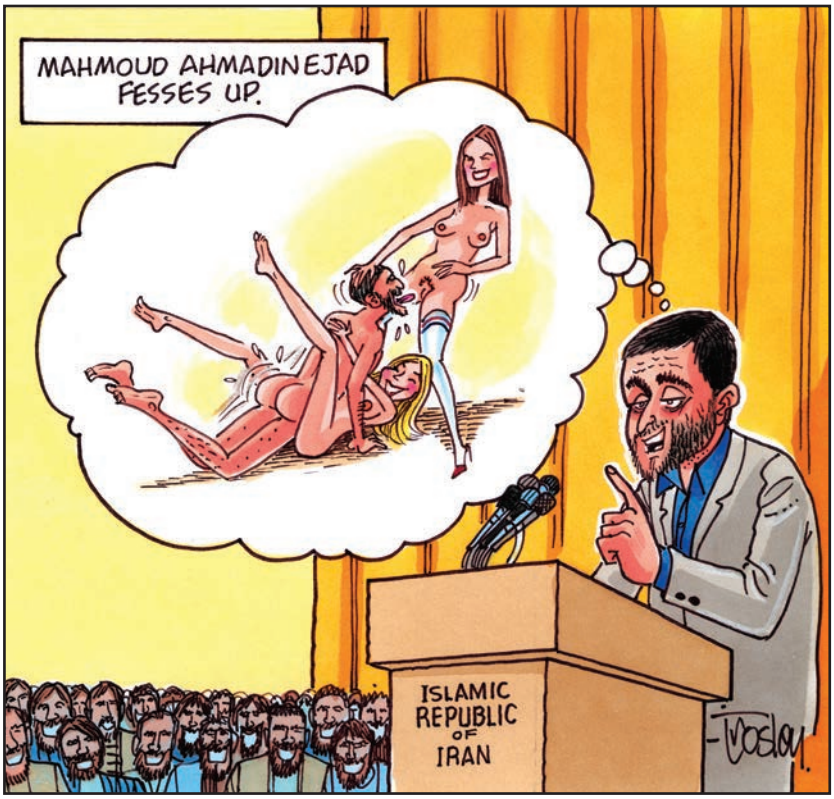
I had known DiB previously because, before I started *Screw*, I used to write for his sex newspapers. At the time, they featured soft-core photos of nude women alongside socially redeeming articles. They did this so as not to get busted for obscenity.

I got paid $25 an article for writing innocuous things about the TV weatherman always being wrong. This helped them stay on the right side of the law and helped me make ends meet at the time. After DiB heard how successful issue 1 of *Screw* was, he wanted a piece of the action. He too thought *Screw* was too dirty.

Keep in mind all of this was going on in the middle of a gang war, with Mafia soldiers being killed every day. They would tell me to tone down the paper, and I would tell them to go fuck themselves.

I would say this was *my* paper and not a faggot-wop paper. I would tell them that they were fearful lumps of flesh and that I was changing the face of pornography. Their attempts at censorship only encouraged me. It was empowering to tell a gun-toting hitman to go screw himself. They only put up with me because I was making them money—lots of it.

I once asked DiB why he didn't try to take over *Screw*. He said, "Why bother?" My big mouth was the reason the paper was successful. I was the one who got arrested, and all he had to do was collect his percentage.



"President Bush has conceded that I do not have nuclear ambitions. I do, however, admit to having ambitions to fuck his two slutty daughters!"

"Constance, I think we Republicans just may be repressed sexually. So slap some skull on me, bitch!"

MARRIED TO THE MOB

One time I called up DiB because *Screw* had not been picked up. It was a Wednesday, and the latest edition had to be shipped to porno shops all over the country for Saturday delivery. I said, "I'm coming over with a bat, and I'm going to crack you in the head unless you pick up my paper."

DiB laughed. "I'm glad the feds are tapping your phone," he said, "because you just threatened me."

Reuben Sturman, the famous underground porno businessman, wanted to distribute *Screw*. When DiB heard about this, he told Reuben that if he continued talking to me, he would end up in the trunk of a car. "Stay away from Goldstein," he warned.

The Mob made it clear they owned me. They were very impressed I wasn't scared of anyone and appreciated that I never challenged the deal from day one. Even though there was no paper contract, the deal was as real as the bulge in DiB's jacket from his .35-caliber revolver.

As with Rick DeMatteo, I formed a bond with DiB. We were all cut from a similar cloth. After he got divorced, DiB and I would double date. I even found out that Gotti had a hit out on me because I'd been seen with one of DiB's "goomars." Luckily DiB found out in time and talked Gotti out of it.

The Mob lent me the money—a few hundred thousand dollars—for my first federal trial in Wichita, Kansas. To them I was a cash cow who had to be protected. They even introduced me to their lawyer, Herald Price Fahringer, who would defend me dozens of times over the years. Fahringer later represented Larry Flynt.

The eight bullets lodged in Rick's body eventually took their toll, and his health deteriorated. All my socializing with him ended about that time.

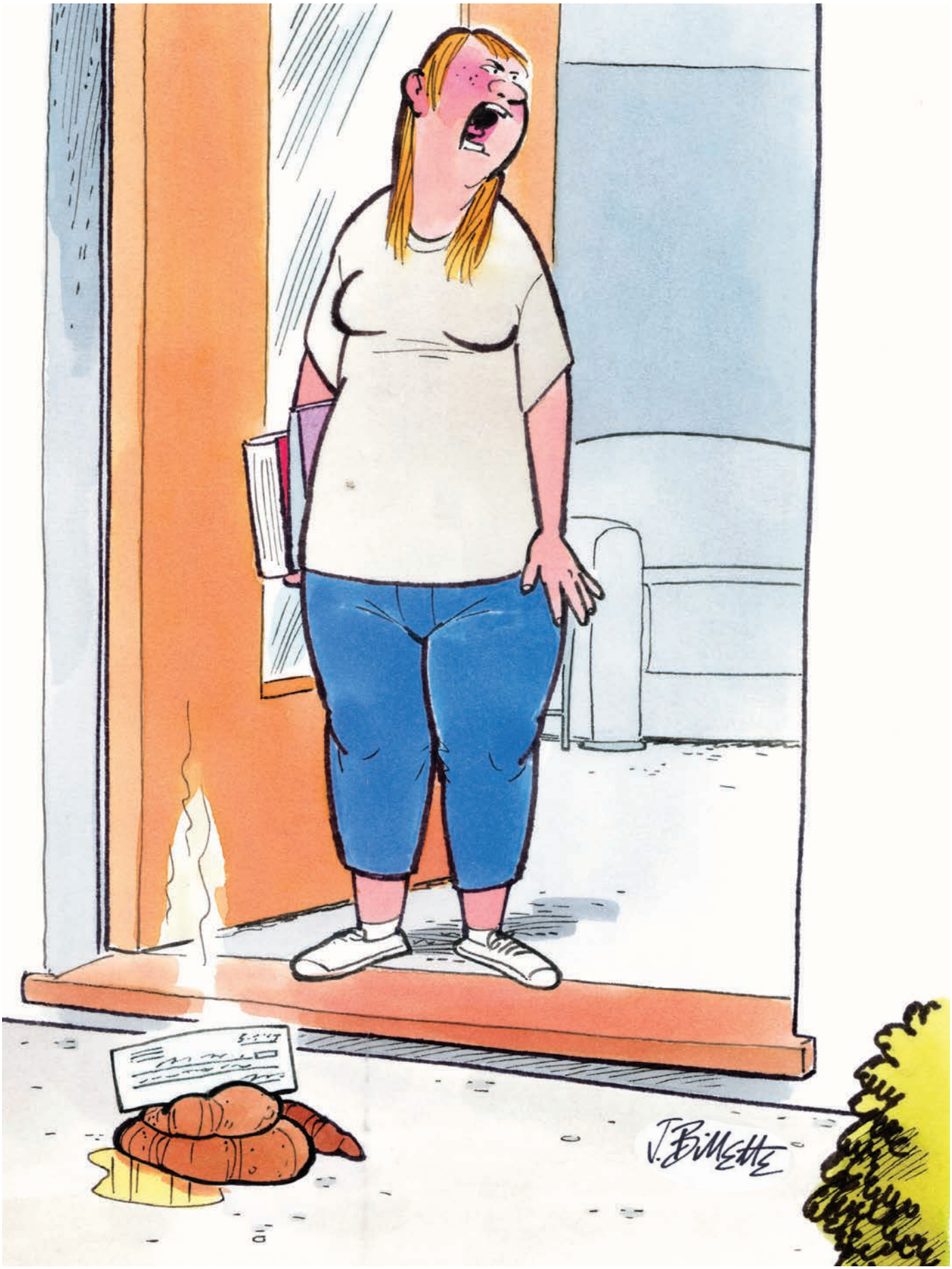
Then DiB disappeared, and we were all sure that Gotti finally got him. The Mob still distributed me under the same deal, but the old times were over, and the fun was gone.

Screw's circulation was dropping. Advertising sales went down. The *Village Voice* was publishing hooker ads, as was *New York* magazine. Add the Internet, five divorces and my many bad business decisions, and things looked grim. I asked the Mob to push *Screw* harder, but they were powerless. We were all drowning together.

My very success opened the doors for my competition, spelling the end for me. My courtroom victories had made porn legal. Until recently, AT&T was in the porno business with their pay-per-view hotel movie operations. So are many other well-heeled corporations. There is no more need for shady peep shows and raunchy underground sex papers.

So, in a way, I helped take down the Mob. Which is a shame because I really liked those guys.

Al Goldstein is the former publisher of *Screw Magazine* and producer of the cable-TV show *Midnight Blue*. A documentary about his life—*Porn King: The Trials of Al Goldstein*—will be released later this year. His autobiography, *I, Goldstein*, is available at booksellers everywhere, and you can read his weekly blogs at **Booble.com**. Al can be reached directly with offers of money and/or sex at **AlvinGoldstein@gmail.com**.



"Ma, Dad dropped off your alimony check!"

HUSTLER'S ALL-AMERICAN ROCK BLOCK PART 1

PUDDLE OF MUDD: FAMOUS ON PURPOSE

PUDDLE OF MUDD lead singer Wes Scantlin is the man. He's dated supermodel Rachel Hunter, rocked millions, dated Rachel Hunter and created one of the biggest modern rock tracks of the past 20 years with "Blurry." He also dated Rachel Hunter. Did we mention that? More Mudd-slinging follows in our exclusive interview.

HUSTLER: "Blurry" was a huge hit. Do you remember when it blew up?

WES SCANTLIN: When we first wrote it, I thought it was going to be a big song. Then we recorded it in the studio, and when it came out, it was like a no-brainer. A few people didn't think that it was going to be such a big song. But (*in falsetto scream*) they were wrong, dude!

How did your life change after that?

Good success brought getting recognized a lot more, and more people giving you a lot more high-fives. Family members were proud of you for once in your life. (*Laughs.*) Lots of good stuff happened.

Tell us about your latest CD, *Famous*.

Golly Moses! It took a long time to get this one done. We knew we could make a good record, but we wanted to make a really *great* record. It just took a little more time, and patience is a virtue. All the parties that were involved in the whole making of it, thumbs up. God bless you. There were a lot of emotions, sweat and tears. It's a good rock record, and we are really proud of it. The tones on the record are just splendid.

Do you really want to be famous, or is the CD's title track a commentary on today's fame-obsessed culture?

It was kinda poking fun at the people in Hollywood. People are running around doing their crazy stuff, getting arrested. Seems like people can do just about anything right now to get famous. Seems like everyone wants to be famous. It seemed like a pretty cool song to release at this time. You can jump out the window and land on a bunch of gunny bags or something and live and become famous for that if you get it on film. The craziest stuff is making people famous.

Speaking of famous, if you had the choice, would you rather fuck Britney Spears or Lindsay Lohan?

I'd say Lindsay, as long as she wasn't on a bender. (*Laughs.*)

You dated a famous woman, Rachel Hunter. What was that like?

It was cool, man. She's a rad chick. We were just both busy and stuff, so it didn't pay off in the end. It was a really cool experience to hang out with her, and her family is really nice. She's a really solid chick, but we had to go our separate ways. It was fun hanging out with her for almost a year. It didn't end so well, but you know, she's cool. I'm sure I'll see her again somewhere.

It didn't end so well? Does that mean the song "Psycho" from your new CD is about her?

You know what? That's funny, man. I ain't gonna say it was, but I can't say it wasn't. Yeah. She thought I was kinda psycho. There was a lot of traumatic stuff going on when we were together doing the second record that she had to deal with. She was my vent, and she took it like a champ. There is nothing I can say bad about Rach.

Got any good groupie or crazed-fan stories to share?

Yeah. You know people get nutty, and it's cool to see. Sometimes it's a little bit awkward-feeling. Like when somebody's got a Puddle of Mudd tattoo or has my name tattooed on his or her arm or leg. But those fans are totally dedicated, and they go the extra mile, so I can't say anything bad about them. They just like rock 'n' roll, and we'll keep it rolling for them. ■

PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

WES SCANTLIN

HUSTLER'S ALL-AMERICAN ROCK BLOCK PART 2

SULLY: A DECADE OF GODSMACK

TEN YEARS AGO, GODSMACK WAS JUST ANOTHER ROCK BAND TRYING TO MAKE A NAME FOR ITSELF. TODAY THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTET IS A MULTIPLATINUM FORCE TO BE RECKONED WITH.

WE SAT DOWN WITH lead singer Sully Erna to catch up on the raucous group's meteoric run.

HUSTLER: Why did you decide to release a best-of CD, *Good Times, Bad Times...Ten Years of Godsmack*?

SULLY ERNA: It's been ten years, we have had 15 top-ten singles, and honestly right now we are a bit tired from being on the road for ten years. We figured this is a good time to release something like this because we have so much volume in it, but it also gives us a chance to take a little time off without completely disappearing from the public eye.

So this isn't the end of Godsmack?

No. It's actually maybe our first milestone achievement, and then from here hopefully we'll have another ten years under our belt.

What prompted you guys to include a Led Zeppelin cover on your best-of CD?

Zeppelin is all the members of Godsmack's favorite band. It's really hard to cover them without getting critiqued, so we really tried to do as much of a compliment to Zeppelin by not making it our own thing and keeping it authentic. This song ["Good Times, Bad Times," the CD's title track] is a metaphor for our ten years as a band.

Did you become a Wiccan just so you can fuck hot witches?

I haven't met any yet.

A while back you caught shit because one of your songs was used in a military recruitment ad. How do you feel about the war?

Listen, I'll say it again. We never have supported war. We do support the troops and the people that fight for our lives and our freedom every day. We'll support that till the day I die. It is really important because the troops don't always have a choice. Without those people, what kind of country would we have? Maybe we would be overtaken and not have the freedom that we have. We never support war, killing or invading countries. We support our troops.

In the past ten years what's the most rock star thing you've done?

In the beginning stages, when we were just so excited to be on the road and didn't have any responsibilities, we would just get drunk and trash hotel and dressing rooms. At one point in Orlando, Florida, we were eight flights up climbing naked from balcony to balcony. Then during the recording of the *Faceless* record in Miami, me and [drummer] Shannon drank 11 bottles of wine.

We were in Miami in August, and it was brutally hot. We were up all night recording, so at 8 a.m. we were so wasted and got up on the roof to jump naked into the pool. The houses in Florida are so close together, and the ceramic tiles on the roof are hot. I was waiting for Shannon to jump, and there is a lady opening the blinds. She sees us and screams. Ten minutes later the cops were there wondering why we were naked on the roof at 8 a.m.

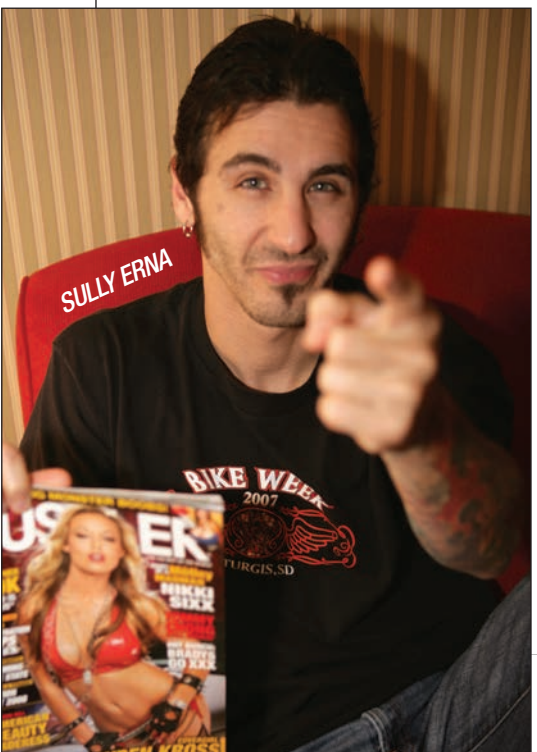


PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

The Dirty Dozen

NEW CDS YOU NEED TO HEAR.

BLACK 47
Iraq

These New York City-based Irish rockers have never hid their political views. Their latest CD is a straight-up assault on the useless war and missteps taken by one President Bush. The lyrics written from the point of view of soldiers in the war zone paint a powerful picture of despair punctuated by antiwar sentiment.

DONITA SPARKS + THE STELLAR MOMENTS
Transmiticate

The L7 singer is back with a hooky CD of gritty pop rock. Shades of her former band permeate the disc as well as Blondie-esque new wave grooves. Highlights include "Need to Numb" and "My Skin's Too Thin."

THE B-52'S
Funplex

The party never ends on the 1980s funmeisters' latest disc. With its trademark nonsensical vocal interplay and glam slam disco jams in track, you'll want to shake your ass. You won't because you're too cool for that, but you will want to. *Funplex* is the most fun you can have with your pants on. Trust us, we're HUSTLER; we know these things.

MR. PLOW
Apocalypse Plow

Rude, crude and right up our alley. With songs like "Golden Shower Girl," "Hand Jobs for the Homeless" and "Don't Get Any on Ya," you need this punk folker's latest.

SAY HI
The Wishes and the Glitch

Say Hi has a very familiar sound. They blend, without stealing from, the styles made famous by Depeche Mode, Radiohead and Coldplay into an enjoyable and original concoction.

ROBYN HITCHCOCK
I Wanna Go Backwards

The oddball king of alternative rock mines his personal vaults to revisit his past through this box set of remastered versions of early albums packed with outtakes and aborted compositions. This multi-CD set (rumored to be the first of three box sets) is a must for anyone with even a passing interest in the former Soft Boy.

(continued on page 106)

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

SIA
Some People Have Real Problems

Looking for a way to impress that hot barista at your local Starbucks? Pick up Sia's new CD at any store (the coffee chain is the disc's exclusive distributor) and see what happens. *Some People* is everything you are not: soft, quiet, sensitive and kind. Which makes it the perfect bait to trick that counter girl into your bedroom.

RAY DAVIES
Working Man's Cafe

A nice slice of blue-collar British rock from the genre's most respected elder statesman. Full of the clever and catchy lyrics and riffs that made his band the Kinks one of your favorites to begin with.

THE SWORD
Gods of the Earth

A straight-up, big-belt-buckle-wearing blast of kickass rock 'n' roll. Dig Lynyrd Skynyrd? How about Wolfmother? The Austin quartet's sophomore release blends the true spirit of both bands into a totally original brew.

MACEO PARKER
Roots & Grooves

The word *legend* gets thrown around a bit too much these days, but when it comes to the former James Brown saxman, it's beyond appropriate. This two-CD live set showcases Maceo handling both horn and vocal duties. One disc is a tribute to the genius of soul legend Ray Charles, while the second is a funktastic jam that includes "Pass the Peas!"

STEPHEN MALKMUS & THE JICKS
Real Emotional Trash

Ex-Pavement frontman Malkmus's solo output will never match the groundbreaking genius of his former band. He seems okay with that. His third CD is yet another solid effort that leaves us longing for the inevitable Pavement reunion.

DAVID GRAY
Greatest Hits

The not-so-sensitive singer/songwriter's best all together in one easy-to-digest CD. It's the perfect mellow and melodic soundtrack to any Sunday morning hangover. Highlights include "Babylon." ■

HUSTLER'S ALL-AMERICAN ROCK BLOCK PART 3

LESLIE WEST: MOUNTAIN MAN

LEGENDARY GUITARIST Leslie West has seen and done it all in his 40-plus years in rock 'n' roll—and he's willing to talk about it. We spent a little time with Howard Stern's favorite ax-slinger to discuss "Mississippi Queen," how to get him into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and 1970s groupie love.

How does it feel to be a living rock legend/guitar god?

Am I? I feel like a legend in my spare time. Listen, that wasn't the reason I started playing guitar. I was playing the guitar because my mother wanted to go shopping, and she wanted me to make some money. I was eight, and she sent me to guitar school.

You might have heard of the world-famous guitar school: Arthur Murray Dance Studios? (*Laughs.*) After one week I got kicked out. I played a four-string ukulele. Then they gave me a guitar with six strings. I didn't know what to do with the two fat strings, so I ripped them off. My mom went back after a week and said, "How's he doing?"

The guys said, "I don't think so."

My mom entered me in a contest on the radio. I was up against a tap dancer. Do you know what tap dancing sounds like on the radio? (*Tapping noise.*) Still I lost.

Years later I started practicing and started a group called the Vagrants, and Felix Pappalardi produced. Nothing really happened. A few years after that I'm looking at this Cream album *Disraeli Gears*, and it says, "Produced by Felix Pappalardi." I said to my brother, "Is this the same guy who produced us?"

He said, "Yeah."

I said, "Then how come it doesn't sound like that?"

He said: "You didn't practice enough."

Why haven't you and Mountain been enshrined in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame?

I don't think we ever will be. We never sold enough records. Who knows? Last year they had the New York Hall of Fame [Long Island Music Hall of Fame]. Billy Joel, myself and Joan Jett. Howard Stern says to me, "That really doesn't fucking count. Why aren't you in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame?" I don't know. I heard Bob Seger say that there was a groundswell, and people wrote in and this and that, and that is how *he* got in finally. But he sold tons and tons of records. We sold millions, but maybe not enough for them to consider us.

LESLIE WEST

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

How did you become friends with Howard Stern?

One day I was listening to his show, and Joe Walsh was on. They were talking about Jewish rock stars. Joe says, "You know, Leslie is Jewish." Howard didn't believe him. So I called in, and to me he really is the king. That show is like high school with paychecks. We all want to ask the questions he asks.

Howard and I just hit it off. He gave a quote for our new CD, *Masters of War*. He said [that] the great thing about the music was he used to listen to it in his bedroom as a kid to piss his mother off—because it was mad angry music. I don't know, maybe he wanted to be a musician, and I wanted to be a comedian.

What is the most rock star thing you have ever done?

We were doing our first album, *Mountain Climbing!*, at the record plant in New York City. Jimi Hendrix was in the next studio doing *Band of Gypsies*. Our producer, Felix [Pappalardi], said to me, "Go in there and ask Hendrix to come in and listen to this." So I went in like a scared kid going to the principal's office and asked Hendrix to come over. Jimi walks in, and the first cut we play him is "Never in My Life." Jimi looks at me and says, "Nice guitar, man."

For six months after that you couldn't talk to me. Shortly after I go into this club in New York City at midnight. Steve Miller was playing, and Jimi was scheduled to headline. I'm sitting there before the show and in walks Hendrix. He says to me, "You wanna jam, man?"

I said, "Yeah, but I don't have an amp with me."

He said, "I got a limo outside." So we get in the limo and go to our band's loft on 36th Street. My road manager was sleeping there. I wake him up. He's in a coma, then wakes up and sees Hendrix in the fringe jacket and the hat. The road manager thought he was dead.

Hendrix and I went down to the club. He played bass. I played guitar. You can see the photo on our Web site, **MountainTheBand.com**. That was cool.

Got any groupie tales?

Yeah, sure. You know Connie from Little Rock? [Connie is the young groupie made famous in the Grand Funk Railroad song "We're an American Band."] We had a Learjet, and we're flying around with her. After two minutes my drummer Corky [Laing] has her in the bathroom stall fooling around.

My bright idea is to go to Memphis. Connie is into it. Then we're at a Holiday Inn in Memphis. Connie is in there with these guys lined up outside the room. One by one they are coming in, and Connie was doing away. I didn't do her. I felt like Cecile B. DeFreak. Finally she says, "I got to call my father and tell him where I am."

I said, "Okay, but don't tell him who you are with." So she calls and right in front of me she says, "Dad, I'm in Memphis with Leslie West!"

I thought *Oh, Jesus!* I'm gonna get busted, and I'm the only guy that didn't touch her yet!

Why is "Mississippi Queen" such a timeless hit?

I think it's two minutes and some odd seconds of straight-ahead, forward three chords, and there is a massive hook in there. Corky had the lyrics before we started Mountain. He was playing in a club in Nantucket, and the power went out. The only thing that was working was the drums. There was a girl dancing, so he starts making up these lyrics: "Mississippi queen. You know what I mean?"

When we had to get songs ready for the first album, I ask him in the studio, "What do you got?" He has these lyrics, and I start playing the riff and the chords. It took us maybe 25 minutes to write.

Do you still enjoy playing guitar?

I love it. After all these years I finally have my own signature guitar. Dean Guitars made a Leslie West signature guitar. I used to play a Les Paul Junior, and I thought it was hokey to put my name on that. "Leslie West Les Paul Junior." Too many Les's on it.

I wanted this to be something I had something to do with. It was like HUSTLER. Larry Flynt didn't want to put his name on *Playboy*. He wanted to do his own thing. I wanted a guitar with my name on it before I was dead. (*Laughs.*)

"And in entertainment news, some model actually let David Spade fuck her, and now she's pregnant! I guess there *is* a woman out there who's dumber than Ann Coulter."

Movie Mammaries

THREESOME

TWIN PEEKS AT THE STARS OF TWIN PEAKS

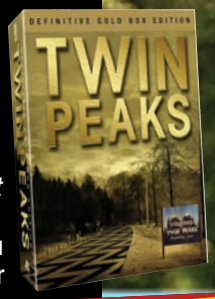
LARA FLYNN BOYLE

ALTHOUGH IT MAY be tough to stomach the fact that this mainstreamer used to fuck **Jack Nicholson** and that she may or may not have an eating disorder, there's no denying that **Lara Flynn Boyle** is a hot chick with an impressive body of work. After two memorable seasons as Donna Hayward on *Twin Peaks*, the tempting thespian launched her big-screen career in *The Temp* (1993). This long-forgotten flick offers no shots of Boyle's boiling-hot famous flesh, but it does showcase the babe in a bikini. However, the rising star loosens up in the sappy comedy *Threesome* (1994), which provides a nice glance of her sumptuous rump during a skinny-dip.

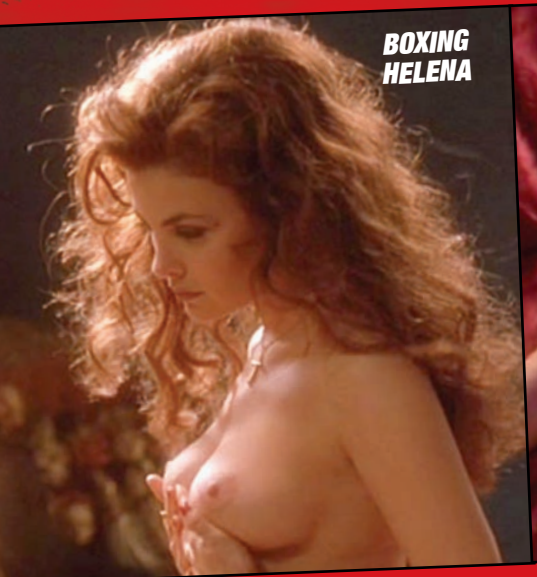
In another 1994 film we finally get our first lengthy look at Boyle's boobies. Sure, she portrays a sickly, dying woman in *The Road to Wellville*, but so what? You'd still fuck her. We also strongly recommend that you hit the pause button during the alfresco love scene in 1994's *Past Tense* to prolong a fleeting view of Boyle's bush.

All of Lara's work in the late '90s is worth catching up on because you get to see her newly slimmed-down figure in the buff. Thankfully, her weight reduction didn't

THE TEMP



Rent These NOW!


BOXING HELENA

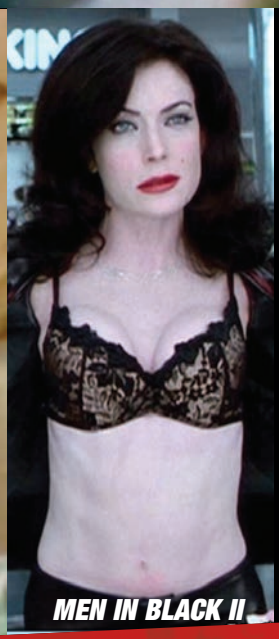
MERIDIAN

TWO MOON JUNCTION

THE ROAD TO WELLVILLE

SPEAKING OF SEX

SUSAN'S PLAN



MEN IN BLACK II

negatively affect the immodest actress's bountiful breasts. Check out *Afterglow* (1997) for one of the hottest hot tub sex scenes in recent memory. Meanwhile, *Since You've Been Gone* (1998) offers a great moment when the skinny siren gets laid topless in a topless jeep. She really knows how to drive! *Susan's Plan* (1998) not only has Lara cavorting in a pool and a tub, but it also features her getting banged doggy-style. This simulated screwing looks like the real deal to us. If Boyle merely was acting while being rammed from behind, she deserves a belated Oscar.

In *Speaking of Sex* (2001) the lovely lady is cast as the star of a homemade porn tape. For our money this movie is Lara's best eye candy work and well worth hunting down at your neighborhood video store. Boyle's final bosom blast comes in the 2002 comedy *Men in Black II*. Sadly, her awesome tatas are trapped in a lacey bra, but if you pay close attention, you can see those puppies shining through.

CINEMA 10: Sherilyn Fenn

THE WRAITH

SURE, SHE MAY NOT have the star power of former *Twin Peaks* sidekick **Lara Flynn Boyle**, but **Sherilyn Fenn** has distinctive talents all her own. These include tremendous natural knockers and one sizzling pair of plump lips. Much to our liking, the B-movie actress's résumé is ripe with full-frontal action.

The low-budget horror thriller *The Wraith* (1986) offers moviegoers the first truly tantalizing look at the promising starlet. Wearing only tiny white panties, Fenn bravely battles an evil monster. Going blond and all out in *Two Moon Junction* (1988), she serves up repeat views of her fine, extra-hairy beaver. *Meridian* (1990) is a lush epic full of stylish sets and scenery. None of this is important because once you see foxy Ms. Fenn writhing in pleasure on red satin sheets, nothing else matters.

The laughable cult classic *Boxing Helena* (1993) is the story of a surgeon infatuated with the woman of his dreams. Hoping the beauty's helpless condition will lead to true love, the madman (played by **Julian Sands**) lops off her arms and legs, then keeps his captive in a box. Hence the film's title. Duh!

Fenn sparkles as the object of the lunatic's affection, filling a role originally slated for **Kim Basinger**. *Boxing Helena* is packed with dream sequences during which Sherilyn seductively ambles about wearing little more than a smile. Thankfully, the bulk of the nudity comes long before the dismemberment starts. Check out *Twin Peaks Definitive Gold Box Edition*, now available on DVD.

Remember, month after month, HUSTLER faithfully delivers the very best in cinematic and big-name skin, but we also appreciate our readers' wishes. If there's a movie star or famous figure you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com***.

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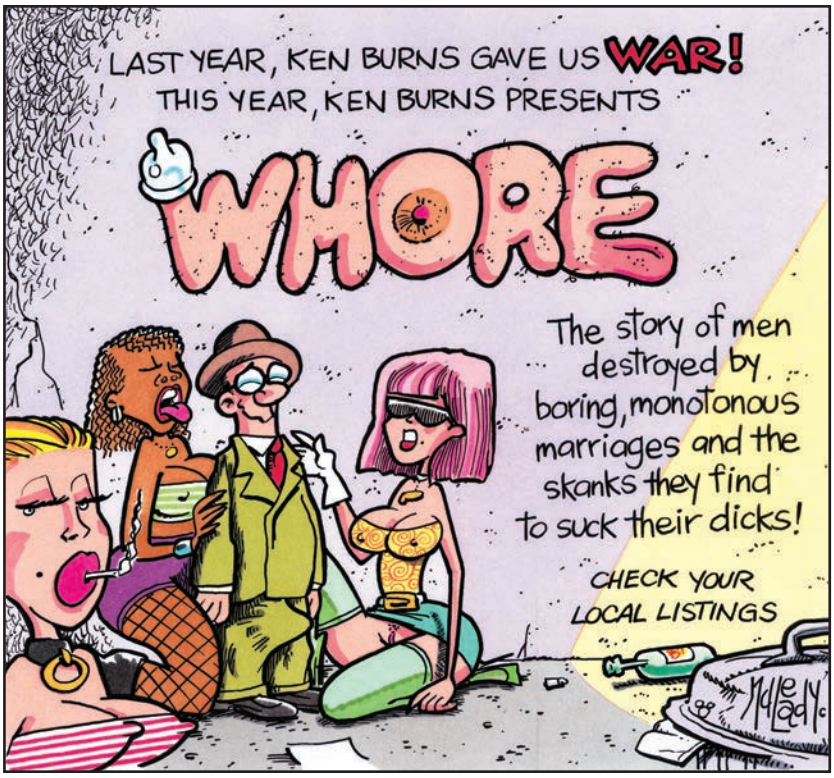

LAST YEAR, KEN BURNS GAVE US WAR!
THIS YEAR, KEN BURNS PRESENTS
WHORE
The story of men destroyed by boring, monotonous marriages and the skanks they find to suck their dicks!
CHECK YOUR LOCAL LISTINGS

"This is the photo from your sonogram?! Jeezus, it looks like you're having a litter!"

USS LIBERTY ISRAEL ATTACKS AMERICA

(continued from page 76) concerned the *Liberty* would discover Israel's alleged massacre of hundreds of Egyptian POWs, which supposedly happened contemporaneously with the attack on the U.S. ship. Still others believe that Israel intended to blame the attack on Egypt in order to lure America into the war. It is known that the United States was providing Israel with reconnaissance and that there were joint U.S.-Israeli covert operations against the Arabs, undertakings Washington was desperate to keep secret.

Survivors with whom I spoke said the attack was the easy part of the experience. The hard part has been living with 40 years of official coverup and betrayal by the U.S. government. One survivor said that he was asked to leave his Baptist church when he spoke about the *Liberty*, because the minister and fellow churchgoers felt more loyalty to Israel than to a member of the congregation who had served his country. His church's position was that if our government believed Israel, the survivors should also.

Survivor Phil Tourney said that "being forced to live with a coverup is like being raped and no one will believe you."

Survivor Gary Brummett said he "feels like someone who has been locked up for 40 years on a wrongful conviction." Until the U.S. government acknowledges the truth of the attack, Brummett says the survivors are forced to live with the anger and dismay of being betrayed by the country they served.

Survivor Bryce Lockwood has been angry ever since June 8, 1967. The torpedo that killed his shipmates, wrecked his ship and damaged his health had been manufactured in the USA.

Survivor Ernie Gallo told me he "has been haunted for four decades" by the knowledge that his commander in chief recalled the U.S. fighters that could have prevented most of the *Liberty*'s casualties.

Liberty survivors say it is difficult to know which is worse: Israel's intentional attack on an American ship or the U.S. government's participation in a conspiracy with Israel to keep the truth from the American people.

Every American should be troubled by the fact that the President of the United States and the secretary of defense prevented the U.S. Sixth Fleet from protecting a U.S. Naval vessel and its 297-man crew from foreign attack. They should also be troubled that the President ordered the Navy to determine the attack was unintentional and that the coverup ordered by Lyndon B. Johnson in 1967 remains the official position of the U.S. government.

Note: This article is based entirely on documented sources and on interviews with six *Liberty* survivors, as well as Captain Ward Boston and Bill Knutson, the executive officer of the USS *America* fighter squadron dispatched on the first aborted rescue mission. For additional information, see **USSLiberty.org**.

Dr. Paul Craig Roberts, an assistant secretary of the U.S. Treasury during the Reagan Administration, is a former associate editor of the *Wall Street Journal* and coauthor of *The Tyranny of Good Intentions*.

"Remember, Mr. President, Jesus loves you—even if the rest of the planet thinks you're a prick."

CODI MILO

BABE IN THE WOODS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR HICKSPHOTO

CODI'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Fresno, California
AGE: 21
BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn
HEIGHT: 5-6

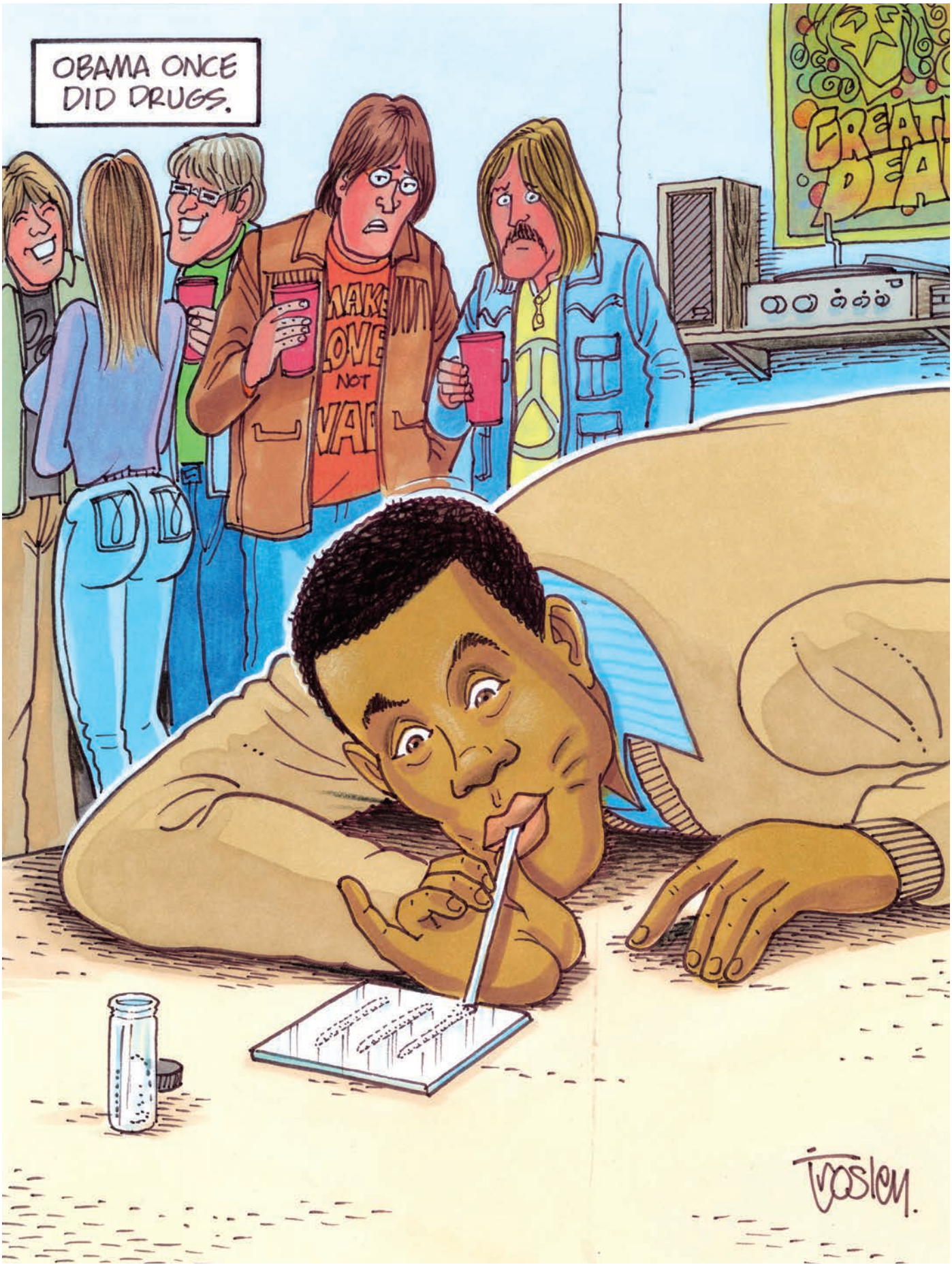
Codi Milo first came to the world's attention as a contestant on the ribald reality program *Jenna's American Sex Star*. "I was sad I didn't win," the cutie recalls, "but doing it was a great learning experience."

"I got to see what the adult business was really all about before I dove in. And what can I say? Meeting Jenna Jameson was a dream come true! She's kinda my hero and inspiration."

Seeing **Codi** au naturel is definitely inspiring. “I love being out in the countryside,” she says. “I was a bit of a tomboy growing up, and I’ve always enjoyed things like camping and fishing. I guess it makes sense that my first time for sex happened on a camping trip. I lost my virginity in a sleeping bag under the stars. I still love taking a rugged guy into the woods for some of his wood. Nothing beats being pounded from behind while bent over a big rock.”

What lies ahead for the precocious nature lover is anyone’s guess. “The future isn’t something I think about all that much,” **Codi** reckons. “I’d love to be a porn superstar, you know, the next Jenna Jameson. But I guess every girl in the biz says that. If I can continue to be happy and have great sex, that will be more than enough for me.”

See **Codi Milo** act naturally in *Bitches in Heat #3*, *The All New Busty Beauties*, *Tab: Fantasy Fetish*, *Pussy to Pussy*, *Busty Beauties #24*, *Barely Legal Innocence #4* and *HUSTLER Exposed #2* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.



"Yeah, but look, he doesn't have any experience!"

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

IDENTITY THEFT 101

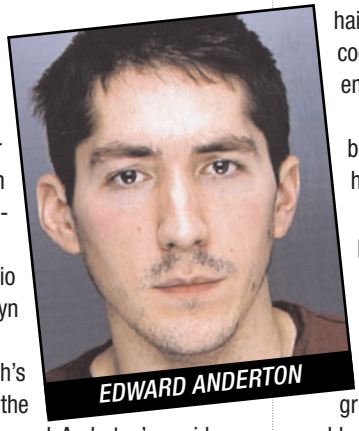
JOCELYN KIRSCH

Noah Cohen and Stephanie Takach chronicle a Drexel University coed and her preppy boy toy who lived the high life via cyberfraud.

The jet-setting (and allegedly illicit) odyssey of Jocelyn Kirsch, 22, a senior at Philadelphia's Drexel University, and her boyfriend Edward Anderton, 25, is now history. On December 5, 2007, the cohabitants of a high-end condo were arrested on charges of conspiracy, forgery and identity theft after a neighbor informed authorities that the duo had opened a credit card account under her name just three weeks after moving in.

An investigation soon discovered that the suspected con artists had netted more than $100,000 while indulging themselves with fancy clothes, the latest technological gadgets and luxury getaways. Photos recovered from their condo showed the couple smiling and relaxing in Paris, the Caribbean and other exotic locales.

Friends said Kirsch—the daughter of a Winston-Salem, North Carolina, plastic surgeon—was no stranger to accusations of thievery. Suspicions of dishonesty date as far back as 2002, when Kirsch was a counselor at Camp Cheerio, a children's summer camp in the Blue Ridge Mountains. "Honestly, when I heard about it, I wasn't shocked at all," former camper Megan Rahn declared. "We had a couple of incidents of stealing at our cabin." According to a bunkmate, Kirsch snatched some food, a pair of rainbow flip-flops and a fellow counselor's cell phone.


EDWARD ANDERTON

Said another, anonymous Camp Cheerio alum, "Stuff started to disappear. Then Jocelyn got fired."

Former college friends insist that Kirsch's deceit went far beyond petty theft, and the police investigation bore this out. At Kirsch and Anderton's residence, investigators reportedly seized four computers, a scanner, two printers, keys to neighbors' mailboxes, dozens of credit cards and an industrial-size machine for manufacturing IDs. Billing statements for one neighbor and the passport of yet another were also uncovered, as well as a closetful of designer clothes, three safe lock boxes, around $18,000 in cash, a tome titled *The Art of Cheating: A Nasty Little Book for Tricky Little Schemers and Their Hapless Victims* and a newspaper article with the headline "How to Spot Fake IDs."

Neighbors might not have been the only ones being scammed. A source close to the investigation believes that Anderton—a University of Pennsylvania grad and onetime financial analyst originally from Everett, Washington—was also being fooled by the seductive Kirsch. "I always wonder why she stayed with him," the source said. "She could wrap any person around her finger."

Former friends recalled that Kirsch—a former sorority sister—would flirt with gal pals' guys and developed relationships while dating Anderton. Despite her flirtatious nature—according to both the police and friends of the couple—Kirsch was allegedly able to convince Anderton not only to take a final exam for her at Drexel, but also to eventually become her alleged accomplice in the elaborate identity theft scam.

Meanwhile, Drexel University administrators have issues of their own to deal with. Kirsch, an international area studies major, allegedly pretended to be an adjunct professor in order to get a free parking pass, and—according to a staffer—she allegedly made use of computers at the school's Language and Communication Center. "That wounded my pride," the staffer said, "because I thought I had a pretty good BS detector."

Kirsch—whose provocative attire, remarkable figure (reputedly enhanced) and long, dark hair inevitably turned heads—got in more hot water when she strode into Giovanni and Pileggi, an upscale Philly hair salon, to be fitted with a set of auburn-brown extensions. The coed paid with a $1,700 check, and when it later bounced, a salon employee tried to contact her by phone, then with a text message.

Kirsch allegedly replied by text: "Hello. You don't know my name, but I know yours. I also know your nice place…and how you get home at night. You're the one who should be worried."

"The hairdresser made a police report after the incident," a police source said. "Kirsch was charged with terroristic threats, along with other charges when she was locked up."

Kirsch's high school boyfriend said that she was always trying to be someone she was not. "Jocelyn was always sucking the life out of every person she met," he recalled. "When one group of friends or individuals would find out who she really was, she would sneak away and immediately get another group of friends." He also remembered that when Kirsch worked as a lifeguard at a water park, she feigned a South African accent to dupe friends into thinking she was foreign.

Kate Agnelli, Kirsch's best friend in high school, confirmed the ex's story: "She felt the need to lie, and I think that is Jocelyn Kirsch. She is not comfortable with the truth or who she is."

After being released on bail in excess of $100,000 each, Kirsch is reportedly staying with her father, while Anderton returned to Washington State. The defendants, dubbed "the Bonnie and Clyde of Identity Theft" by police, were briefly reunited in a Philadelphia courtroom on February 12.

Noah Cohen, a senior studying communications and criminal justice at Drexel University, is editor in chief of the campus newspaper *The Triangle*. Majoring in communications, freshman Stephanie Takach is *The Triangle*'s assistant news editor and a contributor to the *New York Post* and CBS Online.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

"So there they are, in my mailbox—two weeks of male enhancement pills, and I think, *What if I take 'em all at once?!*"

HUSTLER UNIVERSITY
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REAL COLLEGE GIRLS

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner $350 in financial assistance! To apply, follow instructions in entry form on page 149 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

Real College Girls

BY JOSH STEICHMANN

If only all women were as hospitable as Holli, July's Real College Girl. Majoring in hotel and restaurant management at **Penn State University**, the senior from Poughkeepsie, New York, has a commendable extracurricular activity. With a heart of gold, she shimmies into the pink-and-white outfit of a candy striper to assist nurses at a local hospital.

That altruism extends to her sex life as well. Holli says that she has her best orgasms riding a guy, but she'll do *anything* to please a partner. That makes sense, since the immodest coed says she's "kinky and a little submissive."

Perhaps her obliging nature was nurtured while cheerleading, which Holli first took up when she was six. Now a grown-up with a 36C-30-39 figure and willingness to bare it, the sweetie certainly knows how to cheer up a man: "Start off with a nice massage," she suggests. "After he's relaxed, we strip, and I kiss him all the way down."

Holli is also learning to cheer up women. A self-described "new bisexual," she lists her top sexual fantasy as "doing a couple of people at once." Besides "making guys and girls horny," she's keen on having more backdoor sex. "I've experimented with anal, but I'm not a pro *yet*," Holli coos, sounding eager to please.

In fact, there's only one thing she won't try to please a man: Holli refuses to swallow. But maybe, just maybe, if we ask her nicely, this obedient Nittany Lion will swallow her pride.

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Jenna who? Nikki Benz helps crown **Jesse Jane** porn's new queen of **Lust**.*

Check out our Jesse Jane Q&A on next page!

*Steamy Stoya shines in Jesse's **Lusty** supporting cast.*

Jesse Jane: Lust

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: CELESTE. STARRING: JESSE JANE, STOYA, NIKKI BENZ, BREE OLSON, KIMBERLY KOLE, BEN ENGLISH, CHARLES DERA, MARCO BANDERAS, TONY DE SERGIO & JOHNNY SINZ.

At least two more Jesse Jane releases landed in our mail while we were watching this one; Digital Playground clearly knows that this cutie is its money tree in full bloom. (See our interview with Jesse on page 130.) In *Lust*, she's her usual rambunctious self, fucking everyone else against the proverbial wall and making it look easy. As soon as her grinning piranha mouth latches onto the nearest dick, you'll be hooked. Compared to Jesse, the supporting dolls are mediocre lays at best. Except, of course, the ditzy Bree Olson, who turns in a charming session of sword-swallowing. It has to be said that *Lust*'s postproduction is a little over the top. These ultra-Caucasians look like they haven't seen sunlight in a year! Still, we don't want Digital Playground to stop sending us DVDs. So gripes aside, the playful star of the show will make you glad you spent the grocery budget on a stroke flick. Keep those priorities straight: first Jesse Jane, then everything else. ***—M.J.***

AMERICA'S SWEETHEART: JESSE JANE

HUSTLER GETS DEEP INSIDE THE NEW QUEEN OF PORN

AS SALES AND ACCOLADES INDICATE, people love to watch Jesse Jane fuck. But not many are aware that the star of XXX hits like *Babysitters* and *Scream* also has a lot on her mind. At the latest *AVN* Awards blowout the new queen of porn chatted with us about crossing over, the perils of anal and the next President of the United States.

HUSTLER: Your flicks fly off the shelf as soon as they come out. What's it like being on top?

JESSE JANE: Cool! I love being on top! (*Laughs.*)

Now that you're a superstar, do you feel added pressure?

You know what? I don't. I feel busy, and sometimes I wear myself down a little, but I love it. This is what I wanted. I feel overwhelmed sometimes because I never expected it, but it's always fun and exciting!

You've also managed to build a mainstream résumé.

Yes, I've done a lot of mainstream stuff: *Starsky & Hutch*, *Baywatch the Movie*, *Entourage*. I just got done doing a movie called *Let the Game Begin*, with Stephen Baldwin and Natasha Henstridge. I like doing those projects. I've done some VH1 shows too. I have an *Old School* coming out. It's fun and different, but am I looking to cross over? No. Will I do more projects if they're presented to me? Yes, because I have such a good time. A lot of people have approached me to completely cross over, and I just don't want to.

So what keeps you in porn?

I love sex! I came into this business wanting to be a sex symbol. Nobody came and found me. I found them. This is what I wanted, and I have achieved it. Why turn my back on the job that I love and that got me mainstream work? You know?

Are you political?

I've been following the Presidential campaigns a bit, but am I really big into politics? No, because I think politicians are all fake. They say what people want to hear to get voted in, and nobody acts on what they said they'd do. It's bullshit.

Who do you think is going to be our next President?

I know it sounds weird, but I think Hillary Clinton has a good chance. People believe that she is really working for the middle class. She wants to help with healthcare and school taxes. I really think people are going to go for that now.

What are your thoughts as porn gets more and more extreme?

Well, you know what? It's going to be that a little bit because everybody wants to see more. If you are totally over porn and have seen too much, you need the shock value. Do I think it's all going to go that way? No! Do I think we're going to keep seeing this much crazy stuff? Yes. But you're also going to see more mainstreamy movies like *Pirates*. Everybody is starting to do big features now, whereas before, nobody did. But some people will still push the limits and do the crazy stuff too.

Do you think you'll ever take the extreme porn route?

Hell, no! I haven't even done anal yet. Come on! (*Laughs.*) I'll never do it. This is my fifth *AVN*, and I still haven't done anal. It's not my style. I'm not against anyone doing that. If it's what you like, hey, go ahead.

—K.K. Le Roque

PHOTOS COURTESY DIGITAL PLAYGROUND

*Cassidy crawls out of a **Girlgasmic** pileup.*

***Barely Legal Latinas:** Lorena Sanchez makes La Raza proud.*

***Girlgasmic** train gang (left to right): Penny bangs Holly, who plugs Maria, while Sativa takes it in the caboose from Gianna.*

*Chick flick: Eva, Brooke, Sindee, Alexis and Veronique go **Girlgasmic**.*

*"Si!" **Latina** Laurie Vargas settles the immigration debate.*

Girlgasmic

ANABOLIC VIDEO. DIRECTORS: RICKY D & IVAN. STARRING: ALEXIS LOVE, ASHLEY JENSEN, BROOKE BELLE, CASSIDY ESSENCE, EVA ANGELINA, GIANNA LYNN, HANNAH WEST, HOLLY WEST, JACLYN CASE, MARIA BELLUCI, PENNY FLAME, SATIVA ROSE, SINDEE JENNINGS & VERONIQUE VEGA.

This debut installment of a promising new all-girl line gets off to a slow start, but by the time Sindee Jennings and Brooke Belle get grinding clit to clit, you'll ease off on the fast-forward. The standout here—and disagree if you dare—is the much celebrated Eva Angelina (in cute librarian specs) pounding squirteen Sindee, then getting it back when the strap-on gets swapped. Sindee fucks like a dude, telling Eva to "bounce right up on my dick!" (If you had any doubts the Jennings gal is certified nutty, check out her antics in the behind-the-scenes extras.) The brunette-heavy climax is a little muted but a lot more authentic when it comes to the girl love. Eva is probably still pouting about not being aboard the train in that scene. Some of the supporting cast seems a little halfhearted at times (hey, ladies, if you're going to eat a chick out, do it right), but overall, *Girlgasmic* is a muff-munching feast for connoisseurs. ***—M.J.***

Barely Legal Latinas

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RICHARD DE MONTFORT. STARRING: TIA SWEETS, LAURIE VARGAS, NIKKI NIEVEZ, LORENA SANCHEZ, GABRIELLA ROMANO, OTTO BAUER, ALEC KNIGHT, JENNER, FRANKY VIXEN, LEE STONE & DIRTY HARRY.

According to recent census reports, the U.S. population is exploding, and the fastest-growing ethnic category is hot Latina. It's about time *Barely Legal* tapped into this flourishing crop! Lorena Sanchez may not be the most unplucked jalapeña in this lineup (Latina lovers have no doubt seen her before), but she knows how to keep it fresh. Saucier and saucier as the scene heats up, Lorena has an endearing habit of rolling her eyes back and yanking her pigtails as she gets ploughed. Lorena's arguably the hottest tamale on display here, but cuddly Laurie Vargas's squeals of "*Ah, si!*" get the prize for authenticity. Like a good Catholic girl, she doesn't want to get knocked up, so she takes it in the *culo*—then worries she'll have a "butt baby." (Apparently, this is some sort of trenchant commentary on the state of sexual ignorance among our devout Hispanic housecleaners. Who says porn has nothing to say?) Judging by this inaugural outing, *BL Latinas* promises to be a prime point of entry for hard-core's spiciest new talent. ***—M.J.***

*Lola Banks takes her **Squirt** duties seriously.*

***Tinker** belles Megan Reece and Larin Lane warm up the cock…*

*Laid-back **Squirt**er Sindee Jennings makes it look easy.*

*…for **Stinker** star Annette Schwarz.*

P.O.V. Squirt Alert #6

MAYHEM. DIRECTOR: JIM POWERS. STARRING: SINDEE JENNINGS, LOLA BANKS, KYLIE WILDE, VIVIAN WEST, MORGAN REIGNS, STEVEN FRENCH, DIRTY HARRY, RICK MASTERS & TREVOR THOMPSON.

Gusher phenom Sindee Jennings acts as if she's ready to spout as soon as she gets a dick in her pussy, which means you can count on her shooting at least a few quarts of sap in every scene. In this cheesy *P.O.V.* variation, Sindee aims her hydrated snatch at the camera and lets loose with the girlgasm juice. All the other human sprinklers in this flick do the same thing, just not as well. There are better gusher flicks on the market (the *Squirtwoman* and *Teens Guide to Squirting* series come to mind), but it's always fun to check in on Sindee's slow slide into squealing porn oblivion. Somebody please get that gal some water—and a towel for the cameraman! ***—M.J.***

Tinker With My Stinker #2

RED LIGHT DISTRICT. DIRECTOR: MARK WOOD. STARRING: ANNETTE SCHWARZ, AARIELLE ALEXIS, MEGAN REECE, LARIN LANE, DENICE K, ALINE, MR. PETE, MARK WOOD, JOHN STRONG & MICHAEL STEFANO.

We missed the debut of this new line for some reason, but after seeing *#2*, we're going back to dig it out of our smut pile. This is serious anal fare, and fans of seeing chicks getting their shit shoved in will love it. For a couple of years now, Bavarian import Annette Schwarz has been showing us what a gonzo queen acts like, and her star turn in this flick is another rectal landmark. The foxy fräulein manages to blend every nuance of getting pounded in the ass: arousal, trepidation, pain and outright abandon. Plus, nobody delivers cornball dialogue in a *Hogan's Heroes* accent like the *schwanz*-sucking Schwarz! (No, this ain't *scheisse* porn; you'll have to go to Germany personally for that.) The rest of the lubed-up lineup is as slutty as the movie's title, and every stinker gets professionally stuffed. You won't have time to contemplate why you're so fixated on the wrong hole. Just accept that you're a pervert and enjoy. ***—M.J.***

*If Helen Keller did porn: Aarielle Alexis does the universal sign for **Tinker With My Stinker**.*

*Battle of the butts: **Pinky** ushers **Booty Licious** into the poontang pantheon.*

*That's **My Stinker**! Aline gets a rude awakening.*

Pinky Presents Booty Licious

BLACK MARKET. DIRECTOR: A.J. ROYAL. STARRING: PINKY, BOOTY LICIOUS, CHARLIE MAC, DOMINEKO & RAMON.

In the down-home world of black booty worship, Pinky is HUGE (pun intended). Her big ol' ass and candy-pink dye job are iconic, and this seedy little gem is the perfect introduction. Not only do you get to see the ass diva herself shake and quake her way from one ghetto snake to another, but she's also on the prowl for the perfect gal pal. Enter the phenomenal Booty Licious. Pinky snags her in a porn shop, and five minutes later she's hitting Booty's thundercrack with a strap-on, then lets her long-dong friends hit 'em both. Pinky and Booty are perfectly matched. When these two cute waddlers get their slicked-up double-bubbles together, it's like Pinky sittin' on a mirror. Like they say on the street, "The crack is back!" ***—M.J.***

THE FOUR'S EPIC AVENGERS

MICHAEL NINN AIMS AT A WORLD BEYOND PORN IN HIS UPCOMING SIX-FIGURE EXTRAVAGANZA FOR NINN WORX.

"THIS MOVIE IS UNLIKE ANYTHING the industry has ever seen," goddess-like Brea Bennett gushes as two black panthers and a black stallion are led into a Hollywood soundstage. Wranglers position the regal animals on a sandy landscape spread out beneath a massive blue screen.

Elaborate setups of this kind were hallmarks of the cutting-edge, special-effects blockbuster *300*. Inspired by that colossal undertaking, big-budget porn pioneer Michael Ninn is crafting a sequel of his own. And to give it mainstream lustre, he brought in trusted cinematographer Barry Wood. *The Four* starts where *300* ends, following the Queen of Sparta and three other widows of slain warriors as they seek to avenge their husbands' deaths at the hands of Persian god-king Xerxes.

"We wrote a fantasy based on a what-if," Ninn explains. "What would happen if these four Spartan women decided to avenge their fallen men. If there's one thing I've learned in my life, it's that you don't piss off a woman."

Alexis Love: harem girl.

"Ninn Worx is beyond porn," warrior hottie Renee Perez says of the high-end firm's trademark aesthetic. "It's more like a blend of art and erotica."

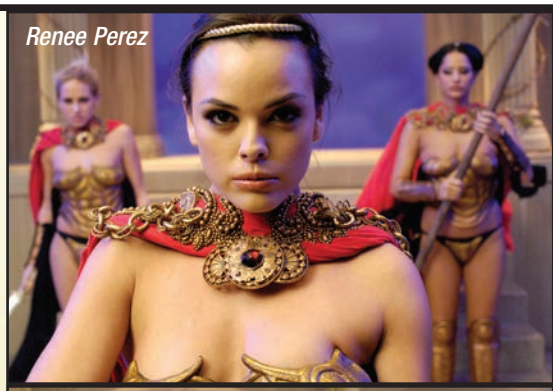
Bennett and Perez seem sincere as they offer publicity hyperbole between takes, and with their tight young bodies draped in curvaceous metal armor and dripping with stage blood, who wouldn't buy it? The female cast, which the fastidious director took months to assemble, also includes Cassidey, Jana Jordan and Nikki Kane.

Michael Ninn has a firm grasp on the sexual allure of power and violence, and judging by the sensational clips we've been treated to thus far, *The Four* promises to be a visual feast. Even the mainstream media is hooked. CBS News' *Sunday Morning* recently requested a copy of the latest trailer for broadcast. For more info, go to **NinnWorx.com/Four/Four.htm**.

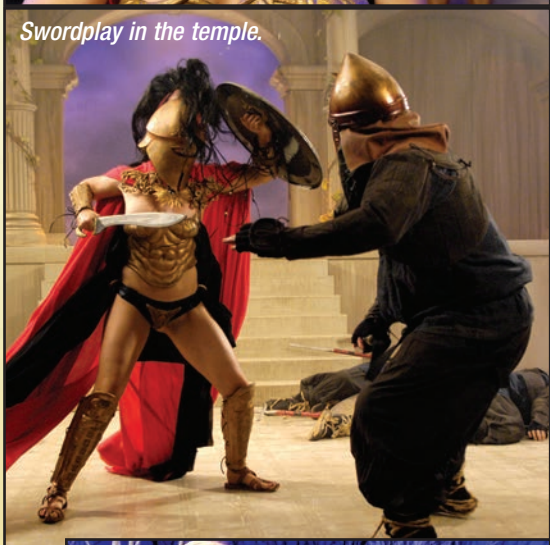
—Peter Holmes

Charles Dera as Leonidas and Brea Bennett as Queen Gorgo.

Renee Perez as Maycale the Archer.



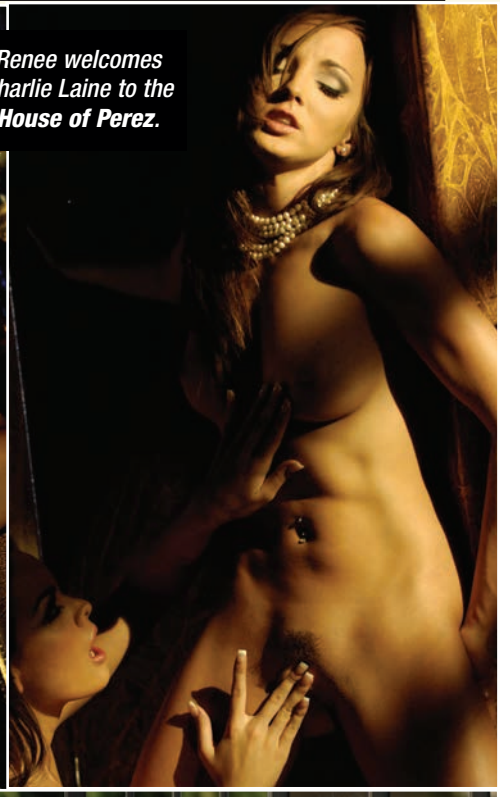
Renee Perez



Swordplay in the temple.

Queen Gorgo mounts Xerxes' High Priestess (Jennifer Dark).

Blocking out a battle scene.



*Renee welcomes Charlie Laine to the **House of Perez**.*

*Renee **Perez** proudly displays her prime real estate.*

House of Perez

NINN WORX. DIRECTOR: MICHAEL NINN. STARRING: RENEE PEREZ, SABRINA ROSE, CHARLIE LAINE, CELESTE STAR, GEORGIA JONES & SOPHIA LYNN.

If you like your porn so sleek and classy that you could leave it running when the in-laws drop by unannounced, then Michael Ninn's latest showcase is your ticket. Paired with a lineup of six svelte beauties, the stunning Renee Perez gets a gorgeous unveiling. (The new Ninn favorite also stars in the auteur's upcoming epic *The Four*.) Drenched in atmospheric shadows and decor, even the mini-mansion Renee wanders around in is sexy. Barry Wood, behind the camera, does a fine job of translating Ninn's soft-core-styled aesthetic into girl-girl imagery that's pretty to look at, yet still hits the erection switch. This sort of caviar filth isn't a taste everyone wants to acquire, but the divine Señorita Perez sure makes it go down smooth. ***—M.J.***

TARA TAINTON

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

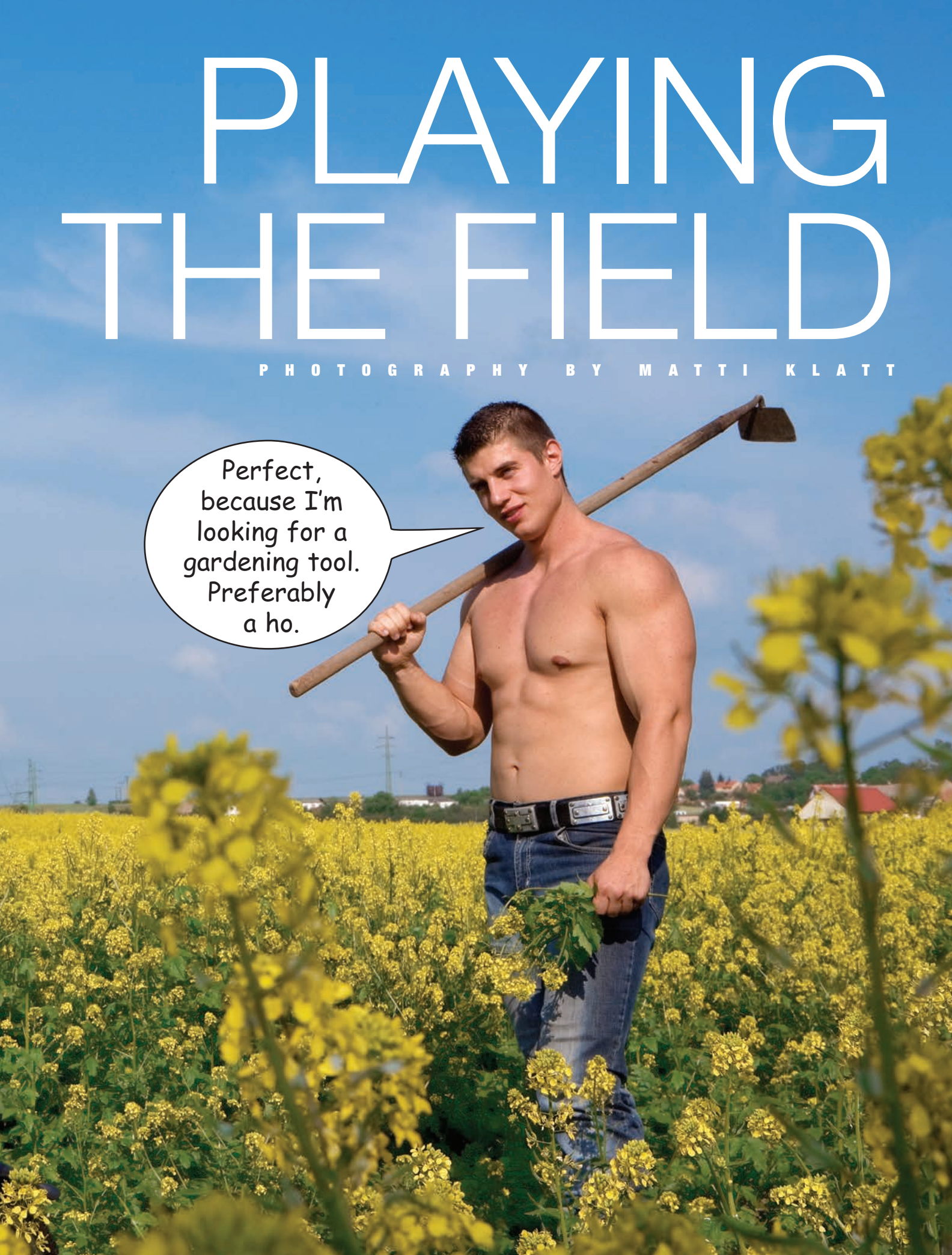
"I used to be a very shy girl in school, with a strict upbringing" reveals Las Vegas's Tara Tainton, 33, "and now I've found my inner exhibitionist. I love to show off for my boyfriend, flashing him in public places and encouraging him to take lots of nude photos of me." A onetime Army brat who grew up on bases in Germany and Panama, the 5-foot-2 bombshell is now totally absorbed in erotica. "I get paid to write dirty stories all day long about my latest sexploration or my own fantasies. I have so many to live out. I'm curious, explorative and experimental. I don't think there's anything I wouldn't try." Yes, the 34F-27-37 world traveler and skydiving aficionada is a tried-and-true libertine. "My boyfriend and I like going to local swinger clubs and watching others have sex right in front of us," Tara chirps. "Of course, we enjoy putting on a show for an audience of our own. Vegas is a terrific town!" Ain't Tara Tainton terrific too?! —Photos by Boyfriend

"My biggest sexual fantasy has been to be taken advantage of by many men at once—lovers, friends and some strangers too. I've always pictured being tied down, feeling lots and lots of hands on me and lots of attention paid to every part of my body."

VANESSA & PATRICK GREAT

PLAYING THE FIELD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



They grow 'em big around here.

Go on, farm boy, sow your seed!

He's really plowing my back 40 hard!

This chick tastes farm fresh!

You're watering my flower bed.

Drop your load in my wheel-barrow!
Talk about your tractor pull.
Your melons are in season.

I do love going down on the farm!

FELICITY

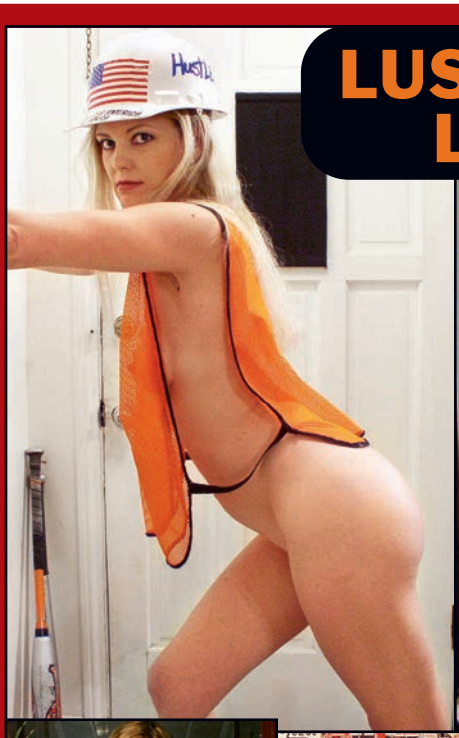
The perfect choice to open our 34th Anniversary amateur ensemble is this 5-foot-9 shooter girl from Winnipeg, Canada. Why? Like Larry Flynt's flagship mag, Felicity will be celebrating a birthday in July, her 21st. Plus, the unbashful Manitoban resides in a country whose national animal has become a revered synonym for *pussy*—namely the beaver. Above all, Felicity (who's featured in the latest *Best of Beaver Hunt* special), is fucking hot! —Photos by Friend

REBEL

"I'm getting wilder as I get older," proclaims Rebel, 35, whose apt appellation can also describe HUSTLER's head honcho. "My husband and I are in the swinging lifestyle," discloses the 5-foot-5 MILF from Harrison Township, Michigan. "And I've been lucky enough to live out most of my fantasies, including threesomes and moresomes." Rebel—whose kicks also include motorcycling, scuba diving and jaunts to a nudist resort in Mexico—makes a dandy sex slave. "I'm very submissive," she pipes, "and I won't say no to anything in the bedroom. I'm truly a closet slut!" —Photos by Husband

"I'm hoping to have my first vaginal DP real soon!"

LUSCIOUS LANI



BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

Still reveling from the self-confidence boost she received as a February '06 Beaver, Luscious Lani returns with a new batch of pics punctuated by a patriotic message to our publisher and all Americans. "I'm 30 and more dirty than ever," toots the most liberated housewife in Norco, California, "and I have HUSTLER to thank for that. I love to be naked and make my husband's fantasies come true as his ultimate sex machine." A crafty sort even when clothed, the 5-foot-6 modeling aspirant also makes cards, candles, ornaments and decorations, but nothing adds decor to a home (or a men's mag) like a doll in the buff and eager to be an obliging nympho. Lani, whose motto is "two dicks are better than one," again encourages readers "to jack off to my pictures." But from what we gather, the "porn star in training" now seems ready to welcome a bunch of admirers into her domicile for some lurid hospitality. —Photos by Husband

"With sex better than ever, I fantasize about being blindfolded and the naked center of attention for a roomful of people who have their way with me!"

"I'm freaky enough to get bare-assed naked on the roof of a church!"

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

VANESSA

"I'm a pervert," declares Vanessa, 21, a preacher's daughter out of Lacy Lakeview, Texas. "I was a cheerleader mostly so I could see all of the girls' coochies, and now I'm a stripper who likes looking at girls in dirty magazines and at work."

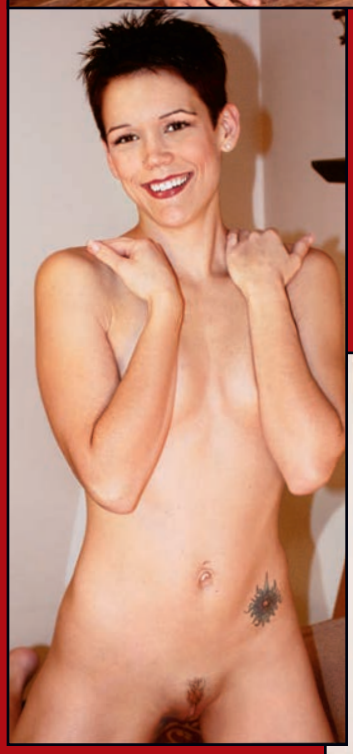
Living clean, Vanessa abhors drugs, but the shopping and Web-surfing devotee faithfully turns to her fave pastime for a great high. "I love sex," the 5-foot-6 bi gal gushes, "and I've done a lot of freaky stuff."

Blessed with 36Cs and a tempting tush, Vanessa (a/k/a Showstopper Bitch) digs doggy-style, but anal is "a big no-no." Some may deem that an egregious sin, but we'll forgive the heavenly tart as she graces the altar of Beaver worship. —Photos by Friend

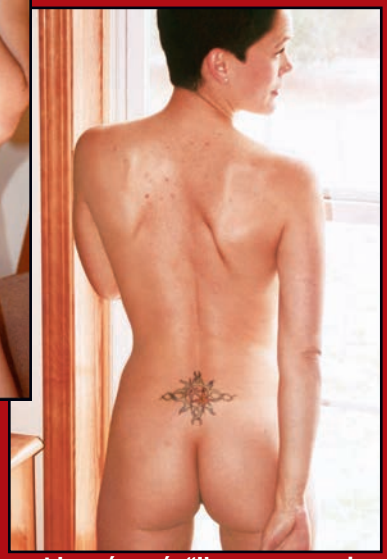
"My fantasy is to get it on with two other girls while my boyfriend watches!"

Birthday Delights

As our 34th Anniversary Issue was being put to bed, we noticed that little fanfare had been paid to the milestone. So we're showcasing three more amateurs who, like HUSTLER itself, were born in July. Peaches, a Milwaukee pharmacy tech, will turn 28. Sandra, a boudoir do-gooder from Poland, hits the 37 plateau. Finally, Canadian coed Davilyn (donning a *pink* teddy) blows out her candles the same day as Felicity, but has two more, meaning she'll be 23. We imagine there's plenty of fanfare when these damsels go to bed. Cheers!



"I'd love to stand naked in the doorway of anyone who thinks nudity and Larry Flynt are wrong," announces this spry, 26-year-old MILF from Pinckney, Michigan. "I hate when people can't tolerate free speech." A perfect Fourth of July Beaver, Beth tells us, "I love riding four-wheelers, but I love sucking cock and doggy-style most of all. I've already fulfilled my sexual fantasy of having a threesome with my husband and hot best friend, but I'd love for it to happen again."



A 5-foot-6 bearcat, Beth rounds out her résumé: "I'm an aggressive, get-what-I-want kind of girl, and I love women as much as I love men. I'm a biter and clawer, and even at 113 pounds, I'll throw a bedmate's ass up against a wall if I have a mind to." —Photos by Husband

"I like having other people make me moan," coos this 25-year-old tourist photographer from Lahaina, Hawaii. Sure to visually cause our readers to moan, Moanike articulates, "I like doggy-style, oral, being choked and spanked—all that kinda stuff. And if I don't have a boyfriend, I masturbate at least twice a week." Truly uninhibited, the 5-foot-7 cutie goes on, "I'll never forget my first orgy. I was with six others—a good mix of guys and girls—and I did everyone!" Now Moanike has done HUSTLER. Bravo!
—Photos by Friend

MOANIKE

"I'd love to fuck a guy with a strap-on!"

WIN BIG BUCKS!

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?
If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at posing for a layout worth $2,500. (The layout winner's shooter will pocket $250.) All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Real College Girls applicants: check box below.

Address

City | State | Zip

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release/entry form and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

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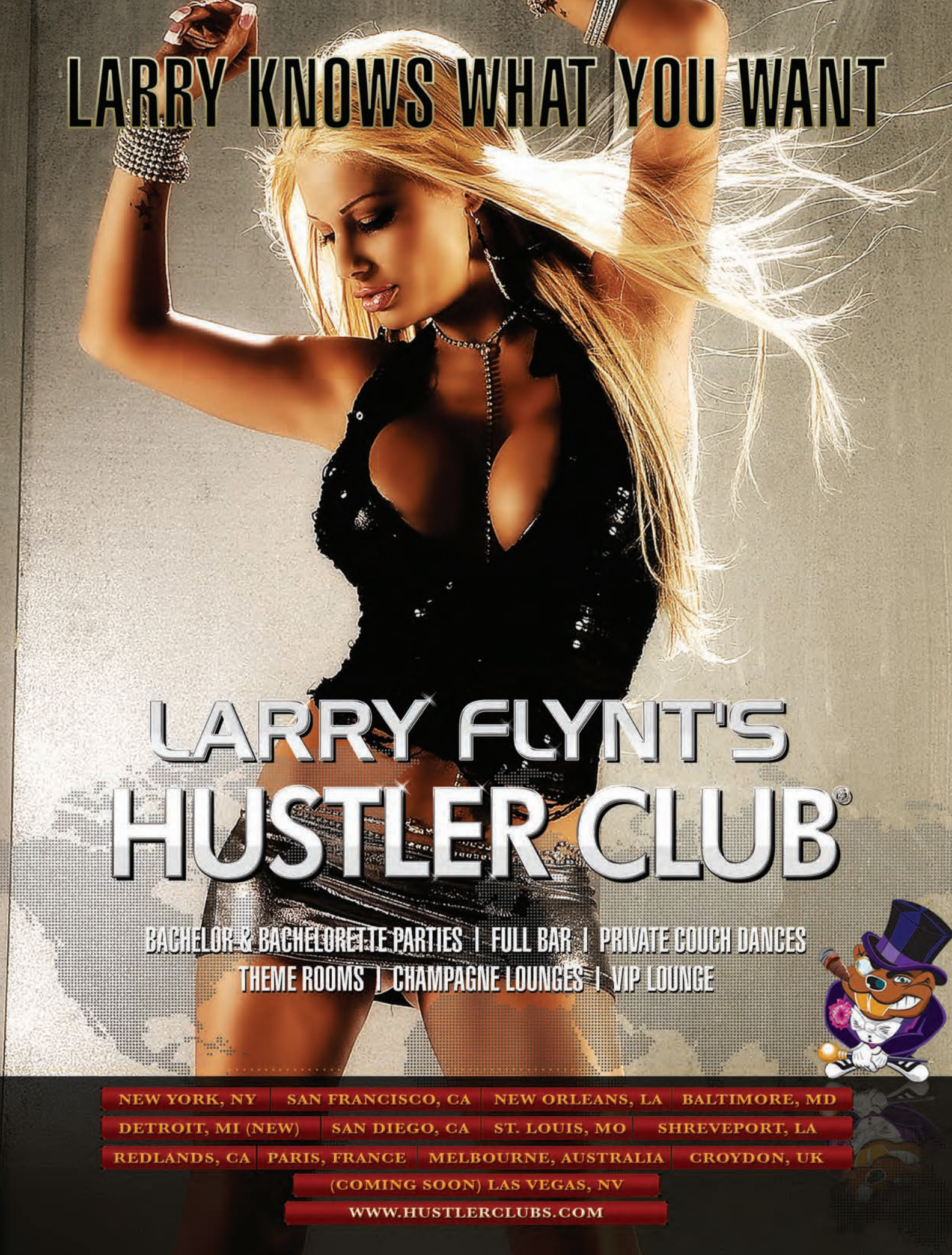
Note: Prize money sent to model only.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ZOE

ONE-NAME WONDER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Although most skin-biz personalities have dual monikers, **Zoe** is content with just a single variation. "I hope to one day be such a big star that people will recognize me by only my first name," she purrs. "You know, like Madonna or Cher. I want to be that big of a porn star. It has been my dream ever since I left home and moved to California."

Asked what she's up for in bed, the Czech import exclaims, "Everything!" Narrowing her carnal needs down, **Zoe** adds, "I like a man who takes control, who makes the first move and knows how to push all my buttons—especially that tiny one between my legs! My favorite position is doggy-style because I really get off when a lover is driving into me that way."

It appears the zesty newcomer is so determined to succeed that she has few interests besides getting down and dirty—in front of the camera and everywhere else. “I’m just too busy dealing with my career,” **Zoe** explains. “My whole life is focused on being the best I can be in porn. Which is great because I spend most of my spare time having sex. And if no one’s around to give me cock, I’ll just get naked and play with myself. I love being naked!”

ZOE'S VITAL FACTS
HOMETOWN: Prague, Czech Republic
AGE: 23
BIRTH SIGN: Taurus
HEIGHT: 5-3

The August '08 HUSTLER goes on sale May 27, 2008. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

CALI-LUV

COMING NEXT MONTH

THE 9/11 CONSPIRACY: NOT JUST PARANOIA

The "official" story claims a pack of crazed jihadists destroyed the World Trade Center, but doubt is no longer limited to "conspiracy buffs." As former high-ranking Reagan official Paul Craig Roberts reveals, prominent critics at home and abroad—politicians, intelligence agents, generals, law-enforcement personnel and a former president of Italy—come forward to express skepticism and concern for truth.

ROCK 'N' ROLL FANTASY CAMP

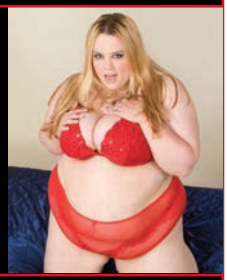
Ever dreamed about jamming with legendary musicians from the Beach Boys, KISS, AC/DC, the Cars, Deep Purple and Yes—not to mention meeting *Cathouse* hottie Brooke Taylor?! It happens at Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy Camp, a megastar-studded, by-invitation-only rockfest. Radio shock jock Mancow Muller and HUSTLER invite you along!

STEPHANIE MILLER BARES HER SASS

From the left wing and straight out of left field comes morning radio's goddess of politics and fart jokes. Syndicated talk show hostess Stephanie Miller talks to HUSTLER about FCC censorship, political parody and the desirability of cheap wine in a box.

SOME LIKE IT FAT

You have never before seen such bulbous objects of desire! Ed Rampell unfolds the story of really big love: those massive mountains of femininity and the *infatuated* guys who dig them. Meet the epitome of BBW—big, beautiful women—and their fleshy fantasies.



SUGARDADDIES.COM

They're old, they're rich, they want young stuff…and they pay for the privilege. Would today's modern liberated woman sign up to be an online babe for hire? Reporter Nicole McClelland finds the answer in a New York minute.

LITTLE TINY BUDGETS & GREAT BIG TITS

Writer/director Jim Wynorski, creator of such memorable mammary movies as *House on Hooter Hill* and *Bare Wench Project*, calls for action on his set: "Okay, girls, let's pop those tops!"

ULTRAKINKY COMIXXX

Skintight latex, naked sex slaves and eye-popping bondage! HUSTLER'S TABOO ILLUSTRATED Executive Editor Ernest Greene recounts the creation of this slick, hot and nasty collection of visual delights.